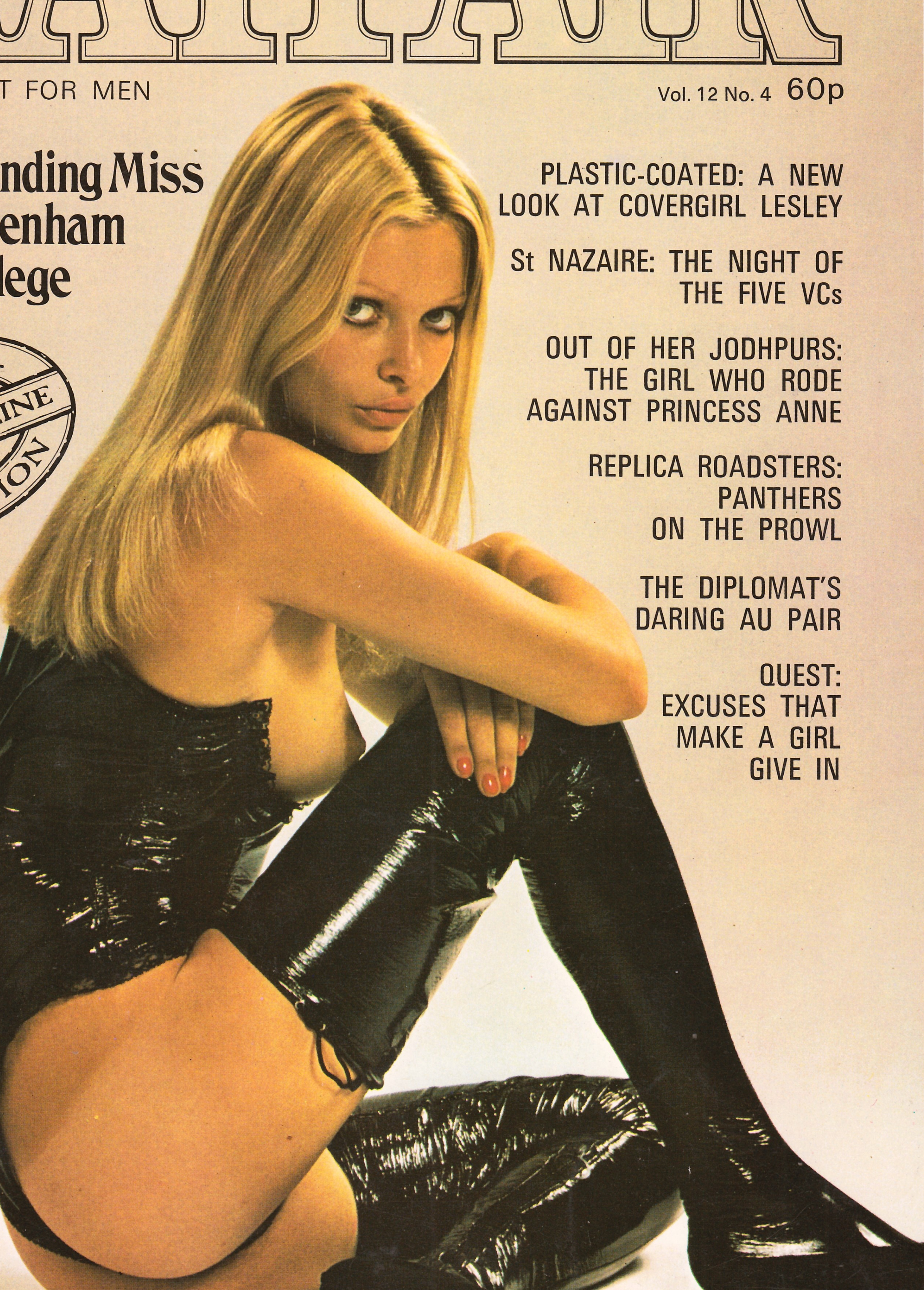
MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 4 60p

The Outstanding Miss From Cheltenham Ladies College

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION



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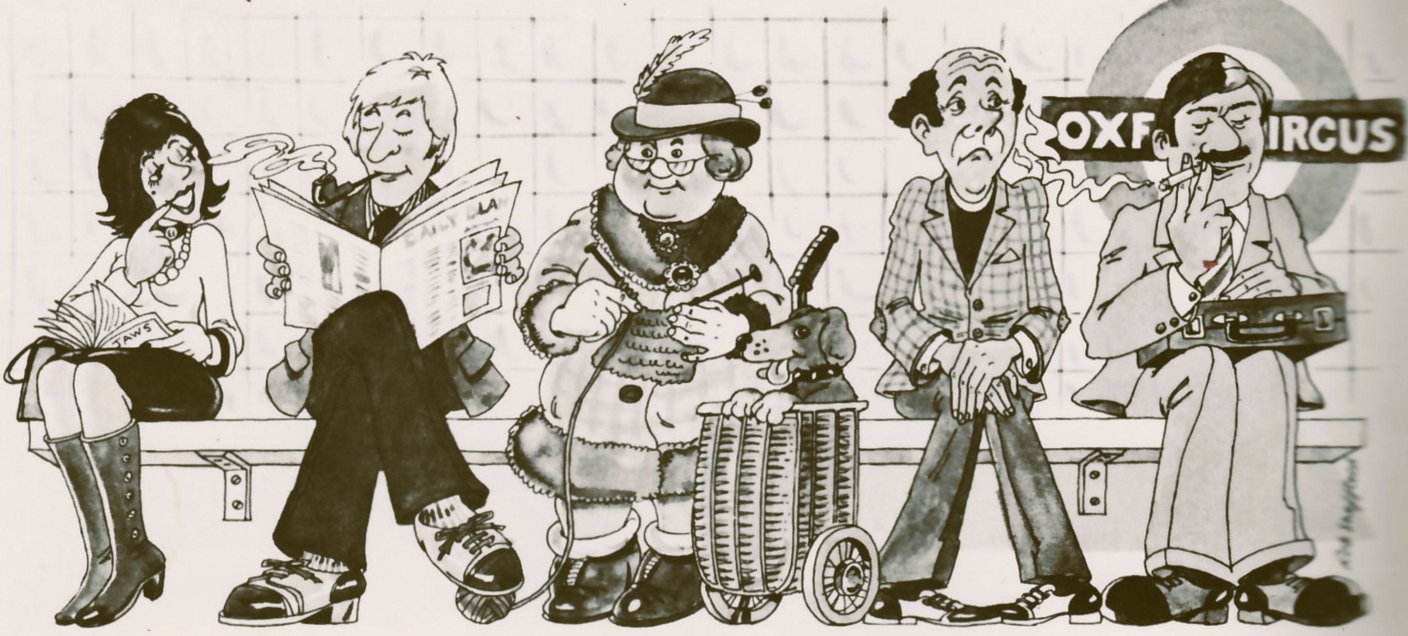

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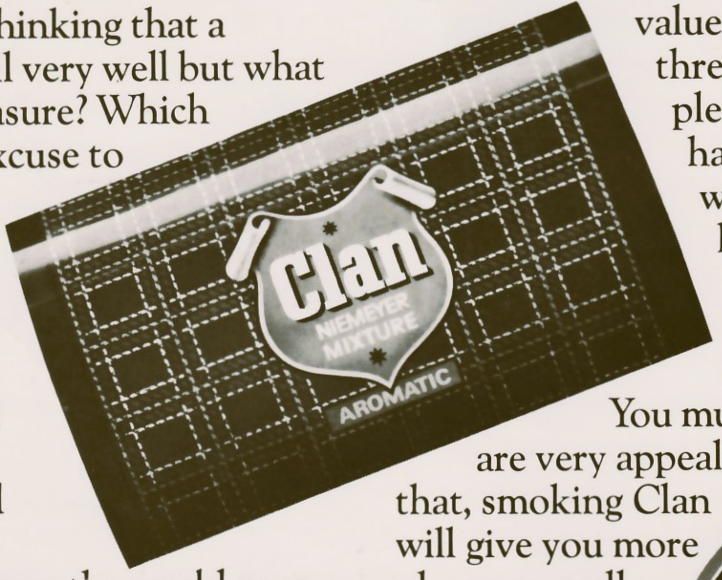

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One of a kind.
Cadbury's
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It's just plain good.

SCENE

As we go to press for this, our April issue, the dust is just starting to settle in Wales following the appearance in our February issue of 20-year-old Sheila Hopkin. Sheila's nude pictorial aroused all the Celtic fervour of her hometown St Athan – you'll recall that Fleet Street was swift to report on the raised eyebrows up and down the High Street – and we were much bemused by local reaction. And to think we'd always believed the Welsh to be admirers of the female form. Ah well, you live and learn . . . Actually, don't be surprised when our national newspaper colleagues pick-up the stories surrounding a couple of the girls in this issue. Take centre-girl Vikki Donovan for example. It's the first time that a girl from Cheltenham Ladies College, that most august and refined of female educational establishments, has taken off her knickers for a nude pictorial. And Tessa Spencer; you've often asked to see Princess Anne in the magazine – not the easiest catches you'll admit – so we thought the next-best thing would be a girl from Princess Anne's world – a girl who has actually competed against her. Vikki and Tessa, and for that matter Sheila as well, all have great personality and character. They are real flesh-and-blood girls with just that hint of devil-may-care in their make-up which says 'if I want to pose in the nude in a little Welsh village, or go bare-boobed riding, or shock my old school mistresses then I will and hang the consequences.' Better by far in our view is this than some of the insipid and oft-quoted examples elsewhere.

When asked what she wore in bed, Marilyn Monroe is alleged to have replied 'a smile and Chanel no 5.' Doubtless many girls still adhere to these pristine principles, but many more are discovering the erotic delights of what you could call 'bedroom-only clothes'. Take the outfit worn by our cover-girl Lesley Chisholm for example. It's manufactured and marketed by She-an-Me of London and it's just one of a range of the company's 'fun fashions'. Whether your taste is for simple stockings and suspenders, French maid outfits in wet-look fabric, or costumes like the one worn by Lesley, She-an-Me should be able to oblige. Their address – Despatch Dept, UX9, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

With the holiday season not all that far away, those of you who haven't yet booked to go away might like to consider something rather different this year. How does a naturist holiday in Yugoslavia grab you? Yugotours of Chesham House, 150 Regent St, London W1 are offering package tours to a number of Yugoslavian naturist resorts on the Adriatic coast from around £85 upwards.

'I thought I'd come and say hullo before the crowds get here.'

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AMU 59

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Some of your readers may have second thoughts about the skeleton in the cupboard after reading the last paragraph of an article about a factory in Redhill, Surrey, which produces plastic skeletons of the human form. The cutting is from a recent journal. It reads: 'Sam' – which stands for Scientific and Anatomical Model – 'is delivered as a self-supporting unit capable of sitting, hanging or standing erect.'

M J, Saltash, Cornwall

What was that you said about getting your bone home?

I am a 19-year-old girl student and I would like to tell you of an incident at a new year's eve party. My fiancé and I were stopping for the night in a small town in south Worcestershire after a week's holiday in Torquay. It was about 10 pm and we had left the hotel for the nearest pub in search of a gayer atmosphere as befitted the occasion.

It was a fairly big and busy bar but we managed to get a seat around a corner near a beautiful fire. It was mostly men in this area playing cards or dominoes, but when I revealed what is my fiancé's favourite outfit – a thin white blouse, very short brown suede skirt and matching knee-length boots – by removing my coat, they happened to notice that there were strangers in their midst.

What surprised me was that a group of old men at the next table seemed to be watching closely for any movement of my legs beneath the table. At first I glared back at them but as the evening progressed I became fascinated by their exceptional interest.

They began talking to us and although I thought they were just being polite I soon found out that it was not for our benefit. The new year arrived and as my fiancé disappeared again into the throng to queue for another round I was invited onto the laps of the old men for the traditional kiss. As the first man put his arm around me for what was a little more than a peck I was aware of the other men becoming very red and excited. Suddenly while making some rude remarks to his friends this particular gent ran his hands onto both my breasts and kneaded them two or three times. I felt a deep excitement as eyes nearly popped out of heads and they all wanted to be next.

During one long kiss I was pushed back and when I stood up to go back to my seat one of the many hands groping for my flesh slid right up my legs and touched my private parts. We left soon after this but I didn't tell my fiancé until we were back home the following day.

We both enjoy reading the many topics in your magazine but thought that the 'dirty old man' was a myth. Without the slightest feeling of being kinky myself, I believe I really made these old men happy, and I wonder how many other old-timers are ogling young ladies without letting on. From now on I intend to give more old men an accidental glimpse of my body and only hope they are as appreciative.

Miss C L, Shrewsbury

turn to page 14

THE RED LION
SALOON BAR
Reading

'No, it's not urban planning blight – their topless go-go dancer didn't turn up yesterday.'

LAURA

Interior design and erotic adventure might not seem to go together but 24-year-old Laura Hayford would see it very differently. 'I'm not sure why,' she explains in a voice as sleek and well-modulated as her 34–22–34 inches, 'but I always seem to get the wildest requests. One man – who worked in the City – wanted his bedroom entirely

covered in mirrors – I told him he wanted a glazier, not me. Another one wanted the bedroom of his weekend cottage lined with padded leather in a tartan pattern. I said I only worked in soft fabrics and then he invited me out to dinner.' An occupational hazard for a freelance designer as sexily lissome as Laura – and one that she dismisses lightly. 'Honestly I'm so busy thinking about what I'm going to have to do that sex is the last thing that crosses my mind on a job. Unless of course someone is absolutely incredible, but then I think I'd back out of it and leave things on a social level. That hasn't happened yet, thank the Lord. I'm still new enough in this game to need all the work I think I can do.' Eight months new to the game, to be exact, and 'almost seeing the light at the end of the tunnel. I tell myself I'll give it a year

and then see but I enjoy the freedom such a lot – especially after some of the awful jobs I had when I left art school – that I think I'll have to be in debtor's prison before I stop.' A useful stop-gap, she believes, might be 'a very rich boyfriend who spends most of

his time travelling the world, because I'm much too busy to have a proper social life.' A dazzling smile. 'It's my Leo nature – I'm a very ambitious lady. But I do want certain things. I'm always afraid that puts men off.' No chance, Laura.

LETTERS

continued from page 7

against. Another time I was grabbed behind the screens by a sex-starved sixteen-year-old. I suppose that as a rather buxom mother of three I should be flattered. Men at any age are beasts. But I love them.
Mrs A M T, Blackpool

Two letters caught my interest in Vol 12 No 2. One was about the youth of most of *Mayfair's* models and the writer's pleasure at seeing an older girl. The other letter concerned a 'Fishnet Fetishist' (what a mouthful).
I wholeheartedly support both writers and would even go further and suggest that *Mayfair* provide us with a well-rounded older wench in fishnet stockings.
Recently, most of us have read in the daily press of the unfortunate sacking of Liz Seal from *A Chorus Line*. Ten years ago, when I was thirteen, I saw a picture of Liz doing a high-kick in a glossy magazine. Those legs turned me on even at that age. The pictures in the papers brought back happy memories and still turned me on; her legs looked as good as ever. I bet they'd fill out a pair of fishnets.
A N, Little Neston, Cheshire

Having just trundled down to the centre and back on my ancient bicycle and bought the latest *Mayfair*, I am now feeling a great deal better than when I started out.
I read with interest 'High Degree of Humour' by Brian O'Hanlon (Vol 12 No 2) as I am well-acquainted with the eccentricities of Cambridge students. The pub which proudly boasts the notice 'No lefties, no hairies, no bare feet' is the *Tickell Arms* and is often treated to odds and sods from London, up especially to visit. It treats one to culinary delights, good beer, and generally a selection of fine women, an *olde worlde* atmosphere and a landlord, popularly labelled the Squire.
Recently part of the pub went up in smoke and though the damage was minimal and quickly repaired, the Squire's only comment was that it had cut out the crackle on his Hi-Fi.
By the way should one decide to transgress the 'No lefties, no hairies, no bare feet' there are numerous evil weapons such as mace, sword and shotgun behind the bar and rumour has it that the bar staff are proficient in their use.
After subscribing for the past five years I have finally coerced myself into writing.
I am twenty-two, single and I come from a wealthy family and have been sex-mad for as long as I can remember, which brings me to my bent, which is being caught at it. Once I was nearly expelled from school for going AWOL and having it away in the park – I was spotted by the headmaster who happened to be out walking his dog.
The next time was when my father had gone away to Portugal and I was snuggling in bed with a little blonde. Then at about three in the morning when all was quiet I heard my father at the front door. I'd never had a girl stay before. As the light was on in my room father shouted 'goodnight' to me. I made the mistake of saying 'goodnight' back. Then he asked if I wanted a cup of tea. I said 'no thanks', but then father said that I'd left my car out and did I want him to put it away. I told him to leave it and that I'd move it in the morning. Then he asked me again if I wanted a cup of tea. I assured him I didn't and then he asked me if I was all right. The last thing I heard was him chuckling and muttering that he'd leave two cups outside the door.
Another time, at a party at my father's house, I shocked everyone by inviting as my date a girl who was 34-years-old – eight years older than my step-mother. Half way through the party this girl and I disappeared to a hallway at the other end of the house and started having it away. Her heavy dress kept on interrupting us by falling from its hitched-up position about her shoulders. But who should come strolling down the hall without even so much as a good afternoon, none other than dear father. We might just as well have been invisible, so we carried on and rejoined the party a short time later.
But to date the most enjoyable time I was interrupted happened just the other day. The girl I was going with had never climaxed before I met her. Well, one Friday afternoon

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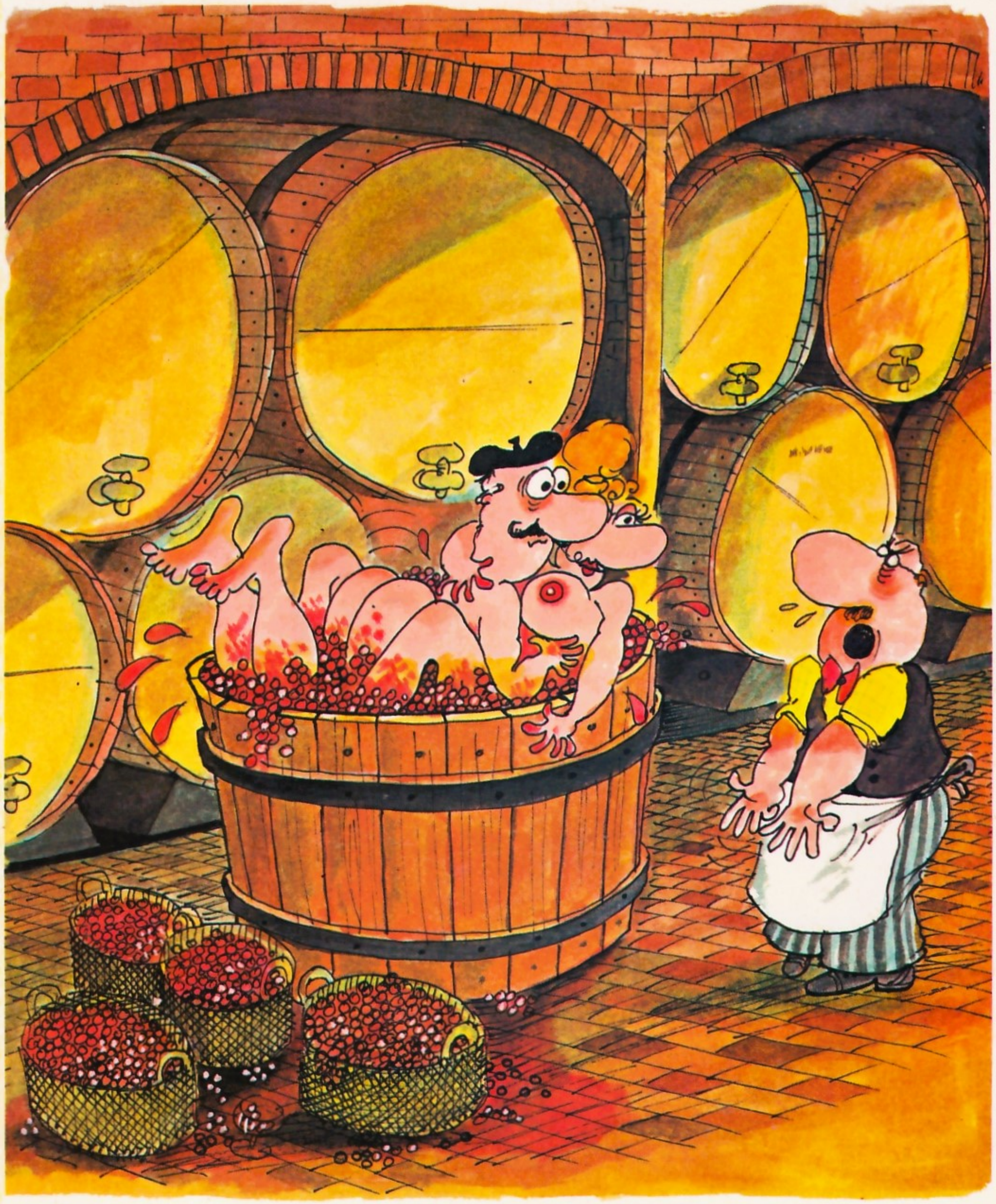

'So, it's only vin ordinaire, somebody still has to drink it.'

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HOT
EAN TAYLOR.

'Poetically speaking,' the pretty girl said, 'candy is dandy but a mistress is quicker.' It was time, he decided, to give up sweets

Quoth the Lady

Fiction by
Jeffrey Robinson

God only knows why I volunteered to go to Nottingham instead of having our client come to London, but then it seemed like a good excuse to spend some time out of the office and then there was that girl Cynthia in the typing pool who said she'd never been to Nottingham . . . so off we went. I figured I had an hour's business to negotiate with the client, which would then leave several hours to negotiate with Cynthia. However, I got myself good and lost coming into Nottingham, was given the wrong directions twice and eventually pulled up at a newsagents to risk false information a third time. For some reason I assumed that the girl standing near a rack of paperback books worked there. I said, 'Can you help me, please?'

'I'm not sure,' she said looking up from one of the four books she was thumbing. 'Have you been to church lately? Or perhaps a bowl of chicken soup. That can cure anything.'

Not at all sure where she was at, I said, 'I just want some directions to get to . . .'

She shook her head. 'Poetically speaking, knowing where you are is best by far.' Then she turned and walked up to the desk to pay for her books. I watched her for a moment, shrugged, found a clerk and ten minutes later Cynthia and I were checking into the best hotel in town. Nothing like spending the company's quids on the better things in life. I did my hour's business, and then several hours with Cynthia.

The next morning, though, Cynthia was in one of her mean moods. A bit too much vodka did that to her, so I stumbled out of bed and aimed myself for the breakfast room. I claimed an empty table and sat there looking for a waitress. Glancing around, I spotted a paper that didn't seem to belong to anyone. I reached for it and, as I did, a hand crashed down on mine.

'It ain't worth stealin' guv.' The man who owned the hand yanked the paper away. I sheepishly grinned and returned to my table, just in time to hear someone say, 'Do you steal papers often?'

Annoyed, I was about to disregard the remark of the girl who was sitting alone at the next table, until I realized this was the same girl from the paper shop. Something about meeting her again made it funny.

'I don't usually get caught.'

'Did you find your church yesterday?'

I laughed. 'After a while.' We stared at each other. She was pretty, a muscular girl with fine high breasts and long black hair. Her face was soft and you could tell from her eyes that she was intelligent. 'Ah . . . are you alone? You haven't eaten yet, have you? May I join you?'

'Yes, no, yes, and what's your name?'

'David Oppenheim.'

'Hello, Mr David Oppenheim.' She gestured towards the chair opposite hers. 'After all, poetically speaking, what's a table in Nottingham when we have the seas to contemplate.'

I moved to her table.

'You don't recognize that quote, do you . . . about a table in Nottingham.'

'Ah, no, I'm afraid it's a new one for me.'

'Zimmerman,' she said with authority.

'Who?'

'Antonio Zimmerman.'

I was silent for a few seconds. 'Oh.'

'You didn't recognize the quote from yesterday either. Knowing where you are is best by far.'

'Yesterday? Is that Zimmerman also?'

'No, that's Shane.'

'I seemed to have missed him too.'

'Not him. Her. Michèle Shane. Me.'

The waitress appeared. Cereal or juice. Eggs. Bacon, Toast, Coffee or tea.

The moment the waitress disappeared, Michèle wanted to know, 'Why are you here?'

'Business,' I said.

'A financial happening, eh? Me too.' She sat up proudly. 'I'm with the ice show. I skate.'

'Must get chilly.'

'Poetically speaking,' she responded, 'Wigham is chilly.'

'Shane again?'

She nodded. 'Actually, I wanted to name myself Heather Grasshopper but my mother wouldn't let me. Where are you from?'

'London.'

'This is my first year with the show, although I've been to London before, even though I liked life better when I was an Indian princess in Oklahoma. Ug. Great squaw poetess. Write many verses out behind teepee. Like, poetically speaking, how pale face . . . anyway I can redskin.'

I said, 'Gee, I'm still working on Zimmerman.'

'Are you married?'

I said no.

'Are you sure? One should always be sure of that sort of thing.'

'Yes . . . I'm sure.'

'Honest? You see, there's this bird standing in the doorway behind your back and she looks slightly mean.'

Cynthia was leaning against the door with her arms folded obviously in her après-vodka disposition. I waved. Cynthia glared. Michèle asked, 'Is she your mistress?' I motioned for Cynthia to join us. She shook her head no. I motioned I'd be right out. She nodded yes. Michèle asked, 'Do you have a mistress?' The juice arrived with the toast and the waitress said the eggs would be right out. 'No,' I answered Michèle as I got up from the table. 'Do you?'

'Poetically speaking,' she toasted me with her juice, 'candy is dandy but liquor is quicker. Zimmerman.'

I said, 'Zimmerman didn't write that.'

She pouted. 'Poetically speaking, candy is dandy but a mistress is quicker. Shane.'

I smiled. Cynthia continued to glare. 'Have a good breakfast. Sorry this has to be so short for me.' Michèle extended her hand, and then in a tone just above a whisper, she told me the hotel she'd be staying in when she got to London.

I phoned her the day the show opened. She worked in the evenings and I was busy for the days, but we met when we could and I found myself spending most of my time with her trying to figure out what she was talking about.

Tuesday. 'Were you breastfed?'

'Ah . . . I guess so.'

'You know what they say. Poetically speaking, those who are fed by breast, shall live their life being mothered best.'

'What does that have to do with anything?'

'Zimmerman. Page 233.'

'Oh, Zimmerman, again.'

'Not again. Forever.'

Wednesday. 'Has anyone ever told you that you look like Antonio Zimmerman?'

'Michèle, I can honestly say that no one

turn to page 35

SOUNDS SEDUCTIVE

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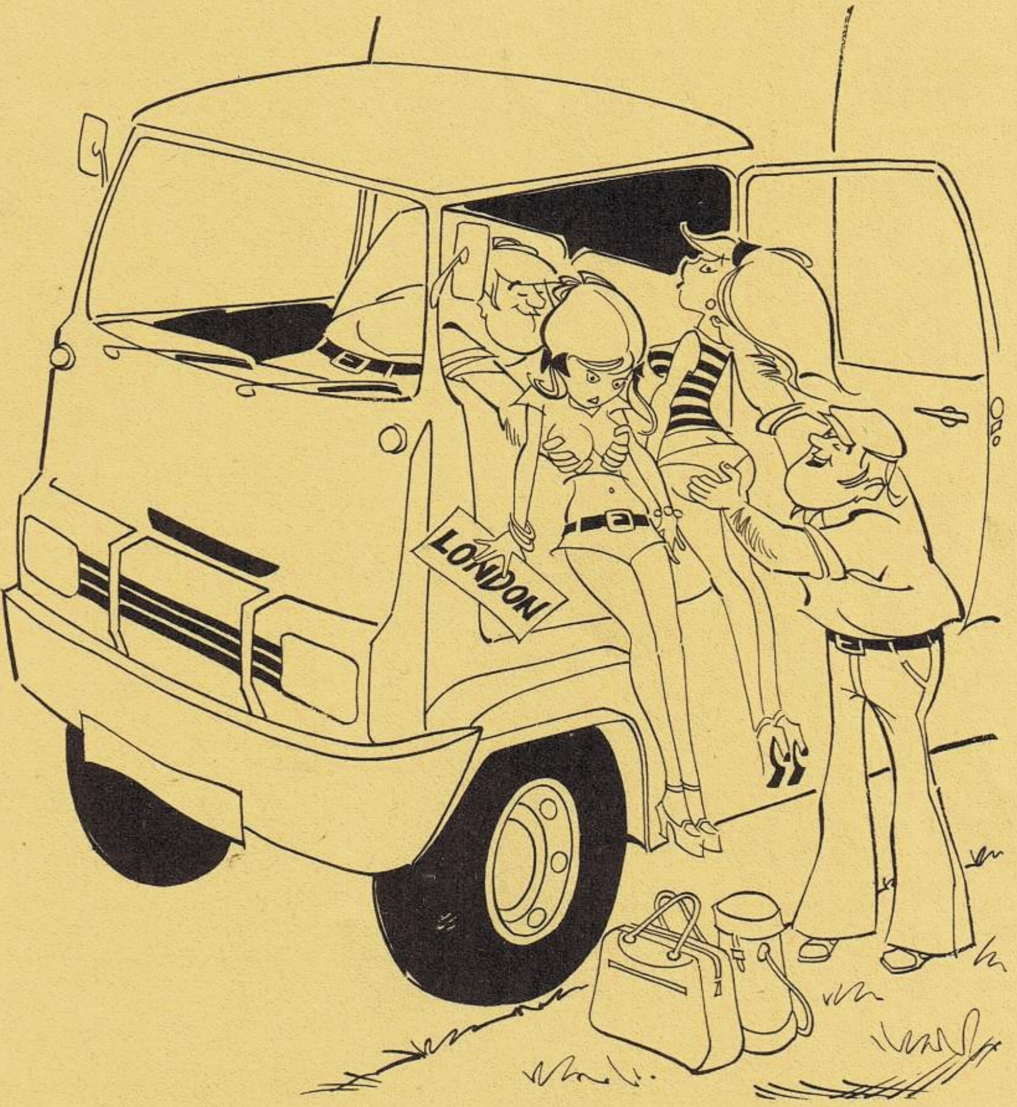
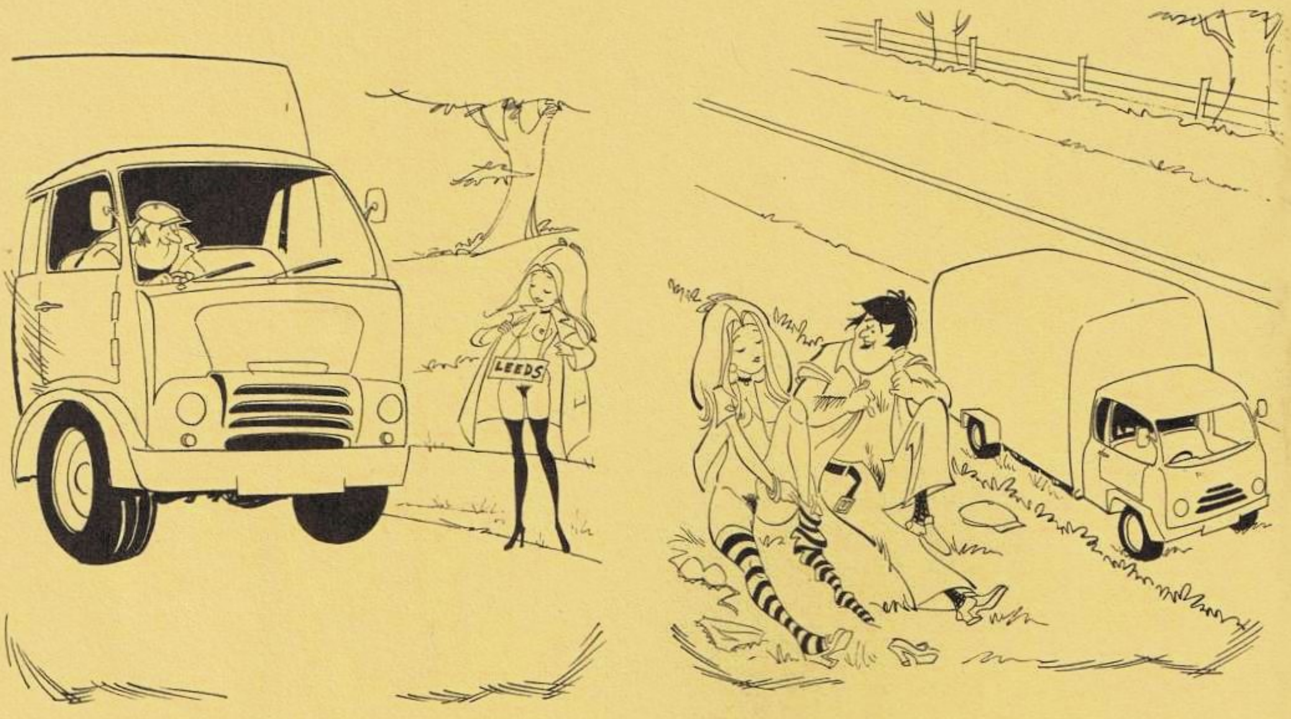


'Ups-a-daisy.'

PICK-UP TRUCKERS

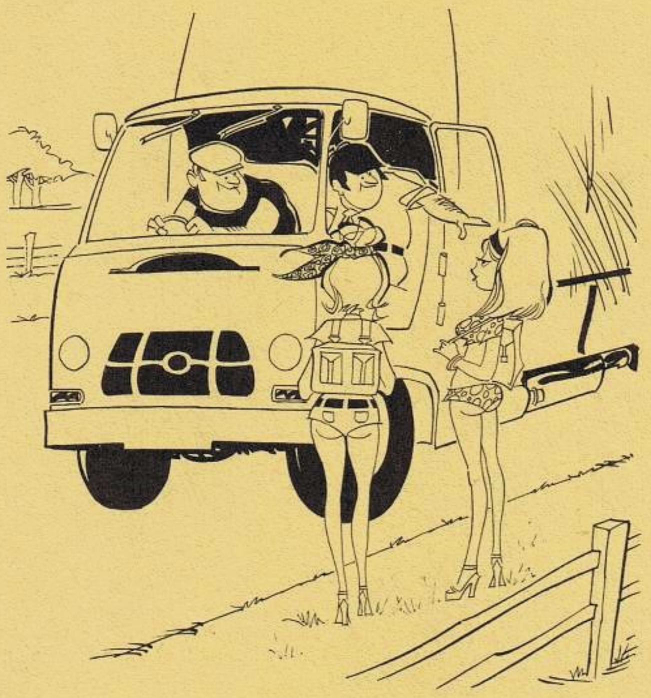
Lorry drivers are all too pleased to give lifts
to young lady hitch-hikers. But cartoonist Paul White wonders
if it's only the girls who get a free ride



'How about one for the road?'

LOVERS LANE
BRUM

'It's quicker down the M1, but this is by far the prettier route . . .'



'We'd like to go all the way
– geographically speaking, of course.'

'Your turn for a spin at the wheel, Charlie.'

'And that's another service you won't find on British Rail.'

'Looks like Alfie's had a good run . . .'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

The most persuasive thing about marriage, so I'm told is, other men's wives. I'm sure that they're what a quotable wag had in mind when he described marriage as combining the maximum of opportunity with the maximum of desire.

I mean, there you are with no lost virginities to replace or paternity suits to hide in the wardrobe. And on the positive side, there's the certainty of a proper bed on a working weekday afternoon plus the probability of someone else's well-stocked booze cupboard, too. But of course, there is such a thing as love, except that when husbands catch it we call it jealousy. Behold what took place when a jealous husband called upon his errant wife at the very hotel room she was staying in with her younger lover in Brian Moore's, **The Doctor's Wife** (Cape, £3.50)! Suddenly, and without meaning to, the husband gets angry. So angry, forsooth, that he knocks his wife onto the bed with a slap on her jaw. Her raincoat falls open and the sight of her bare breasts and panty-hose arouse him – he's even shocked by his own erection – and he finds himself thinking: 'Sex, he'd give her sex, if that's what she needed. He'd fuck the living daylights out of her. He stared moonstruck at her long white thighs and belly and the dark pubic hair as he pulled down her panty-hose.'

Naturally enough the lady resists (horribly enough, it's no crime for a husband to rape his own wife unless there's a judicial separation order!) wrestling with him, hitting him in the face with her fist as he backed away to unzip his trousers and produce his penis. He knocks her down again and pins her on the bed, explaining: 'Shut up! I'm going to fuck you.'

'The sight of her tears only excited him further, and now he had her naked, and he kicked free of his trousers and forced her legs apart, pushing his penis in . . . as he worked his hands underneath her, grasping the cheeks of her bottom, it seemed to him that she responded, and with a rush of satisfaction, his orgasm began.'

Similar actions, but a million miles removed in thought and feeling from the first heady days of their married life when in the very hotel room where his extra-marital affair had begun, they had honeymooned with vigour. They used to come up to that room to change, the new husband and his lately maidenheaded wife, the wine working inside them both as he pulled down her knickers the moment she began to remove her dress, eager to put his big cockstand in there, too. Trouble is, marriage becomes matter-of-fact: one day, taken-for-granted, next minute, taken for granite. I mean, my next-door neighbour complains that his wife's a hard woman – 'Take my wife,' he said one day, so I do know what he means.

So it's hardly surprising that, lonely as she is, more than somewhat neglected, used to little talk and not much more fumbling from her lawful wedded spouse, Mrs Redden (heroine in *The Doctor's Wife*) should be so ready to fall, so easy to pull-and-push by a brash young American who meets her in solitary state, waiting for her husband to come on holiday, too.

There's a rhyme that goes: I'm not the pheasant plucker, I'm the pheasant plucker's son. I'm only plucking pheasants till the pheasant plucker comes.

Probably Mrs Redden thought of Tom as just such a pleasant interlude . . . the kind she'd dreamed of often enough, lolling in a hot bath, touching her own milky white skin (it reminded her husband of sin), fondling her breasts, caressing her thighs, her fingers rifling the wet bush of her pubic hair as she thought about imaginary men, drifting off until she came . . . then back again.

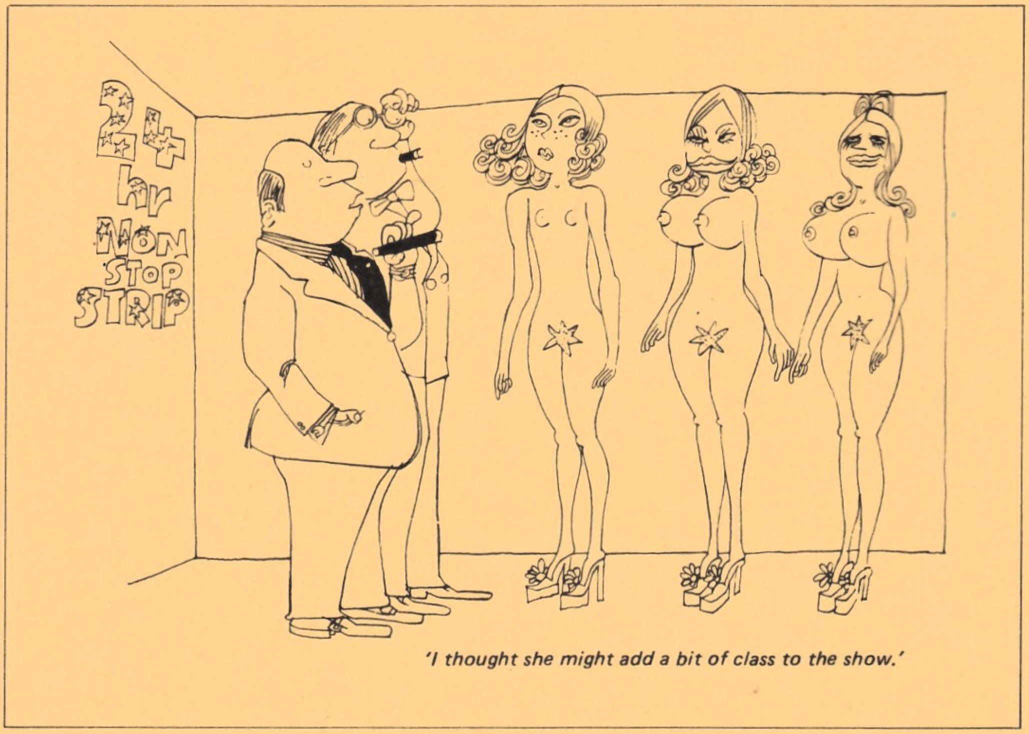
'He turned her around urgently, making her kneel on the bed. He was behind her now, and when she looked around she saw it; red-tipped and throbbing, waving in the air at her back. Then he took hold of her hips and she felt him put his penis in the furrow between the cheeks of her bottom . . . then slowly, massively, she felt it enter her vagina. She leaned forward, feeling him bear down on her and in her . . . driving, urgent, young, he began to push it in and out, his hands reaching up her body to take and caress her nipples. Her hand reached down to touch herself, exciting herself further. She had never done it this way, and now with her breasts tingling and his penis in her, she began to make small sounds of pleasure.'

Afterwards she did look at him, though, kissing and kneading his penis, making it grow stiff again in her hands and lips until he lifted her bodily and lowered her down onto him. She looked down at her new, straddled lover and felt him enter her again.

Isn't the first, fine, careless rapture always like that? Later, after dinner, tongue loosened with wine and driven with extra appetite, she moved down his body as they clambered back into bed, found his penis once more and put it in her mouth – sucking on it till he literally begged her to delay. Then it was his turn.

'She felt his mouth on her nipples, felt his mouth moving over her stomach. His mouth went down. Kevin had never done that to her; she had read about it but now was ashamed that Tom was doing it to her, until she felt his tongue inside her, and, oh, God, she had to delay him as he had delayed her.'

Afterwards, she dreamed of her husband, Kevin, and we've already seen what that led to . . . My conclusion from all the aforesaid is, take a leaf or two from the randy couple's book, and keep your marriage life fresh, fair and full of nookie.



'I thought she might add a bit of class to the show.'

The cartoon, above, is one of more than one hundred contained in 'The Punch Cartoons of Heath', introduced by Alan Coren, and published by Harrap, £1. Brighton-based, Michael Heath's cartoons have appeared in many of the world's leading publications, including occasional forays into Mayfair. *This delightful paperback embraces almost twenty years of Heath cartoon contributions to* Punch.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Most of the clubs where boy meets girl seem to be based on the *young* boy meets *young* girl syndrome, and it is therefore refreshing to be able to give you details of a London club where the more mature man can meet the 25 to 35-year-old girl. These circumstances have come to fruition at the **Rheingold Club** simply because the management and staff nowadays are the same management and staff who ran the place ten years ago, and as they themselves have matured, so has the theme of the club and the age of the members.

The club used to be the gathering place of the London au-pair population of ten years ago. Run by two understanding men who appreciated the problems of the au-pair girl who knew nobody and spoke little English (after all, she was over here to get a grasp of it) the club used to create a party-night atmosphere every night for these young invaders of our shores, and a suitably young male membership would assemble each evening to do justice to the occasion.

In the sixties the *Rheingold* led the field of young discotheques, today there is a definite and precise need for a disco for the more mature age group. So the atmosphere has been calmed down a bit, the decor has been made a little more staid, the old painted loos which sufficed for the young au-pairs have been smartly tiled and glazed for the more particular over thirties, and now the wrought-iron lanterns reflect their light on Rhenish coats of arms and copper etchings. Of the two original owners, Kurt Muller still attends every night keeping a meticulous overall eye on the scene, while Henry Zeisel arrives most nights and gives very good parties in a corner. Henry was responsible for the name 'Rheingold' becoming internationally known through the remarkable success of his racehorse of the same name.

The continuing success of the club is due to the enthusiasm of the owners, combined with the thoroughness of their efforts to ensure that the club is well-attended by female members every night. Girl members are given all sorts of financial advantages, with low entry charges and very reasonable bar prices.

You can dine well, and as you would expect, the accent is on German food such as escalope of veal dishes and pork and sausage main courses with a choice of German wines. Dortmunder Union beer is drunk out of pottery steins, creating an atmosphere which can be termed 'gemutlich'. The club deserves support as a genuine meeting place for those who feel rather embarrassed by the noisier discotheques.

The Rheingold Club and Restaurant: Sedley Place, 361 Oxford Street, London W1. Tel: 01-629 5343. Strict membership requirements by personal application at the reception desk. Open every evening except Sunday. Late Licence. Two bars, restaurant, live band, dancing.

Rather more bohemian is **Gulliver's Club,** in Down Street, Mayfair, just behind the Hilton Hotel. The owner admits quite happily that the decor has not been changed for years, and neither has the ownership, but the club is busy every night. We stood next to Phil Tibber on his reception desk for two hours recently, and found out why. To begin with, Phil lets in croupiers free. All those delightful little girls who stand behind the gaming tables at the nearby gaming clubs shoot in as soon as they are off-duty, dying for a drink, a dance, and maybe a rave-up.

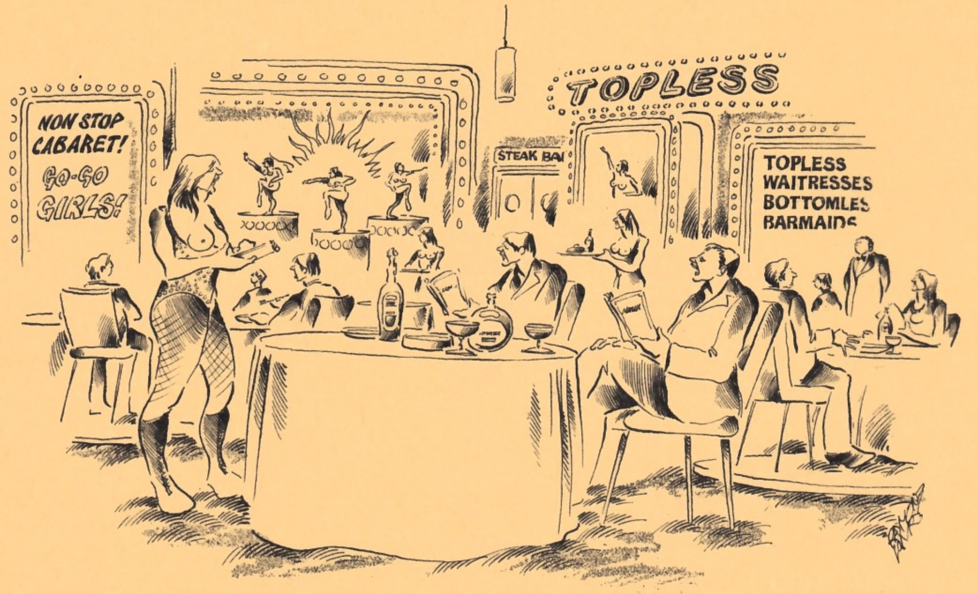
Upstairs you'll find what must be the noisiest discotheque in town, with very regular even noisier live groups.

Phil has also gathered an interesting crowd of friends over the past few years, and to quote his words, he said: 'Nobody's *certain* to get laid in this club, but in my experience you're more likely to than in any other place in town. How can I help it? It's just the atmosphere of this place I guess.' To be true, the atmosphere gets pretty thick, as the cigar smoke hangs in small clouds over the downstairs pool tables. The upstairs discotheque room is more efficiently air-conditioned. Substantial T-bone steaks are served at about £3 a main meal and the dancing is phrenetic until the late hours when they cool it to a more romantic tempo for those who are getting in the mood. So Phil Tibber has quite a little scene going down at *Gulliver's*, and we now understand why he is able to charge £1.65 on the door if you do not buy his £10 membership.

Gulliver's Club: 11 Down Street, Mayfair, London W1. Tel: 01-499 0760. Admission by membership at £10 per annum or nightly at reception desk £1.65 upwards. Two Discotheques. Two Bars. Pool Tables. Restaurant.

Il Giorno e la Notte is one of those extremely thriving Italian restaurants in the Old Brompton Road. Split-level, you enter down from a mini-dais at the door as your gaze takes in the extremely appetising *hors d'oeuvres* laid out on a long, linen covered table in the prescribed best Italian fashion. It is difficult *not* to have something of everything. What, then, do you follow that with? At lunchtime, especially, one does not have a trencherman's appetite. Yet, we gave in. A little of the avocado mousse, sea food salad, tuna fish, parma ham and tomato, prawns sauce cardinale (cocktail sauce). The *Il Giorno*, run by bustling Maria Naraine, is a place that makes you hungry, even if you are not so. It's light and pleasant and the waiters are very attentive. The wine list encompasses both Italian and French, but with Maria's appetisers and pastas it must surely be the Italian wines that will compliment both the food and your palate the very best. Crudités, awaiting your pleasure, as you sit down, are a nice touch; the cheese board and dessert trolley have plenty of variety. Average in price at about £6 to £7 a head, inclusive of gratuities. Don't forget to have your first drink at the little upstairs bar and eat there if you wish, gazing down upon one of London's artier areas and its populace.

Il Giorno e la Notte, 60 Old Brompton Road, SW7. Tel: 01-584 4028. Closed Sundays.



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Tele-birds Katya Wyeth, Suzette St. Clair (Vol. 8 No. 12) and Glenda Allen (Vol. 8 No. 6) are only a few of the nude delights to be seen in *Mayfair's* five issue bargain deal. For just £2.20 we will send you Vol. 8 Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 12.

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****♡♡ **Cross of Iron** (X), 2 hrs 4 mins. 'It's men like Sergeant Steiner we rely on,' asserts Regimental Commandant James Mason, with a grim ruefulness that suggests the *Wehrmacht* isn't what it used to be. It's not surprising either because this is Nazi Germany's Russian front in 1943 – Hitler's Aryan supermen up to their swastikas in mud, bullets and murky forests while defences and morale crumble. Only rogue survivors, like James Coburn's Steiner – a gutsy hater of officers, whose first words on silencing a Russian mortar battery are 'Good Kill' – thrive amid such chaos. Until, that is, the arrival of Maximilian Schell, an aristocratic Prussian officer, determined to gain his Iron Cross regardless of consequences. The stuff of cliche? Hardly – even allowing for the unsympathetic choice of heroes – for this is the work of director Sam Peckinpah in his tightest, most gripping action movie since *The Wild Bunch*. Mr Peckinpah has a genius for revitalising the tiredest of cliches with a heroic and moral sense and an unmatched appreciation of the terror and exhilaration of extreme violence. Buildings may gout flame in elegant slow motion and bodies cartwheel beguilingly through the air, but the beastliness is always controlled and never stomach-churning for its own sake. Another American director, also called Sam, once said the only way to make a truly authentic war epic would be to spray the cinema audience with machine gun fire. Mr Peckinpah doesn't need to. If the Russian front wasn't like *Cross of Iron* then it was certainly no fault of the Russians.

***♡♡ **The Eagle Has Landed** (A), 2 hrs 15 mins. Definite hokum after the rigours and realism of *Cross*, this is an entertaining – if incredible – speculation on a Nazi attempt to kidnap Winston Churchill. Michael Caine is another Steiner, a crack German commando this time, but clearly 'sympathetic' because he voices distaste at the Gestapo's treatment of Polish Jews. Donald Sutherland enjoys himself hugely as a stage Irishman – spying for the Nazis in the small Norfolk village where the kidnapping is due to take place. Larry Hagman is a comic commander of local US troops who bungles an attempt to foil the plot. Shades of international co-production loom large; in fact only the Japanese seem to be missing. But there are good performances from Robert Duvall as the German organiser of the scheme, and Donald Pleasance as a chilling and devious Heinrich Himmler.

***♡♡ **The Last Tycoon** (AA), 2 hrs 4 mins. Jazz age novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald's last, and unfinished, novel comes to the screen with impeccable credentials – screenplay by Harold Pinter, directed by Elia Kazan, starring Jack Nicholson and Robert de Niro of *Taxi Driver* fame which makes the rather flat end result all the more surprising. Fitzgerald's evocative tale of one of the last Hollywood tycoons – a man who views his studio's products, declares, 'Cut ten minutes, re-shoot the last scene' and exits – becomes a tug-of-love between the dedication of hero Monroe Stahr (Robert de Niro) to film-making and his obsession with a young starlet (Ingrid Boulting) who reminds him of his deceased superstar wife. Mr de Niro's underplaying of Stahr is so self-effacing as to risk occasional invisibility. But Miss Boulting's portrayal of his reluctant love has a luminous beauty – especially when she strips for some seaside love making – that makes Stahr's interest totally convincing.

****♡♡♡♡ **Emily** (X), 1 hr 35 mins. Delightfully named Koo Stark – owner of one of the nicest posterior's currently bare on a British scene – plays a 17-year-old initiated into most things naughty in the 1920s. This includes being goosed by a biplane's joystick, an assisted massage with a lesbian friend in the shower and a nude frolic in the heather. Really a sort of naughty *Upstairs, Downstairs,* though with more emphasis in my lady's chamber.

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LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

We don't as you know, make a regular habit of inviting back our *Mayfair* maidens for repeat performances in the magazine. By and large, we're guided by your own response to any particular girl as to whether or not we do feature her on more than one occasion. Twenty-one-year-old Lesley Chisholm, the centre- and cover-girl of our last Christmas issue was one girl who seemed to send you collectively overboard. Your letters praising Lesley would easily fill our Letters Column for several issues, so we felt the very least we could do was to accede to your requests and present Lesley again. We thought though that as a comparatively short period of time will have elapsed between Lesley's

two appearances in the magazine, we'd feature her in a totally contrasting format to the first set. It'll be interesting to see which style you prefer. It wasn't only up at our offices that Lesley's 34–22–33 created a stir. Down in her native Yeovil, local newspapers were swift to cover her uncoverage, and the latter also became a talking-point at *The Queen's Arms* in Corton Denham just outside Sherborne and *The Newlands Inn* in Sherborne itself: two pubs where Lesley's father has been 'mine host' and above which Lesley used to live. Teachers at St Aldhelm's Secondary in Sherborne where Lesley was schooled were also amazed to discover how one of their former pupils had blossomed. Lesley's new career should make for interesting reading in the Old Girls section of the school magazine. To coin a time-honoured phrase though, Lesley's success has not altered her one whit. The aubergine-coloured Volvo – you'll recall it's just

like the one The Saint used to drive on TV – still zooms around to *The 393* club in Ilchester and *The Webbington* just outside Weston-super-Mare, and Lesley's Afghan hound Sydney still get his exercise romping around the Mendips. Despite the fact that modelling success has meant more frequent visits to London, Lesley's aversion to the capital remains. Yeovil will be doubtless pleased to hear that she intends staying in that part of the world for a good long while yet. And don't, if you value your crockery, suggest otherwise. Lesley's celebrated temper and china-throwing arm are as strong as ever. Yeovil, we all just hope you realise how very fortunate you are.

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Quoth the Lady

continued from page 18

has ever even hinted such a thought.'

'I can see why.'

Thursday. 'How old are you?'

'Twenty-seven.'

'You're old. I'm 20. But Antonio Zimmerman is 200.'

'When did he live?'

'He's still alive.'

'Look Michèle . . .'

'Mr David Oppenheim, are you doubting my word?'

'I certainly am.'

Sunday. 'When are you coming to see the show?'

'When are you inviting me?'

'We close next Saturday night. Come then. We'll celebrate Zimmerman's birthday.'

'Of course.'

'You're making fun of me, aren't you.'

'Yes.'

Wednesday. 'How's your mistress?'

'My what?'

'Your mistress.'

'Very well thank you. How's yours?'

'I don't have one. But Zimmerman does.'

'I should have known.'

'Her name is Mad Martha.'

'Type casting.'

'You know what they do? They both take all their clothes off, then they play Mantovani records on the wrong speed and get into a bathtub full of Lux Liquid. They make love in it. They say it softens their souls.'

Thursday. 'Was she angry?'

'Who?'

'Your mistress.'

'Why would she be angry?'

'When she caught us in the hotel in Nottingham. She looked angry. Did she forgive you for picking up such a beautiful woman of the world?'

'Well, to tell the truth . . .'

'If she wasn't angry, why was she forgiving you in the hotel room until three that afternoon?'

'How did you know that?'

'I checked.'

'Why?'

'To find out if she was forgiving you. Poetically speaking, in the closet of love, the hotel register is the mirror.'

'Don't tell me. I know who wrote it.'

'You see,' she said, 'this is how the Gospel is spread.'

We did lunch at the zoo and tea at the Savoy. We did cocktails in Mayfair and dinners in Chelsea. We did funny little Greek coffee shops and a take-out donut place, one expensive French restaurant and loads of cheap spaghetti places. We crammed two weeks into two hour lunches and three 'I won't be back this afternoon' afternoons. I was totally intrigued with her zaniness. We walked and held hands, and went around on the Circle Line twice because she said she wanted to keep out of the rain and it was cheaper than a movie. She never let me pick her up at her hotel, and she never went back with me to my flat. Our entire fling was done in public, bizarrely defined within the boundaries of her slightly boggled, half woman/half child mind. And for some reason, a reason that must have tottered between masochism and fascination, I ran alongside.

I guess I wanted to know where it was all going to end.

Then came the night I went to the ice show. It was Saturday night. Her last night in town. They were booked to open in Paris on Monday night. She had a ticket on the Sunday morning train. A pass for the show was waiting in my name at the box office.

My seat was right down on the ice. Front row. Close enough for my feet to get cold. When the show started and the girls skated out, I tried to pick Michèle out of the chorus line. There were almost 40 girls and they all looked alike. She knew where I was however and throughout the show she skated by, whispering things like, 'The smaller a girl's breast size, the higher her IQ.' And, 'Virginity doesn't last for infinity.' And, 'Poetically speaking, sex is its own reward.'

It didn't take too many comments like that to raise the curiosity of the lady sitting next to me. When intermission rolled around and the house lights came on, she stared into my face trying to see if she could recognize me. If she had said, 'Aren't you Antonio Zimmerman?' I'm not sure what I would have done. But she drew a blank, and tugged on her husband's sleeve so he could stare at me too.

The second act was like the first. When it was all over, I met Michèle at the stage door. She ran up and kissed me and asked, 'What did you think?

'About kissing you? I loved it.'

'About the show?'

'I thought you were great.'

'I thought you were great too.'

'At least we agree.'

We started walking and I suggested dinner. Her answer was, 'Have you ever seen a nude play? And wouldn't it be better if the actors were dressed and the audience was nude? Actually, I was just thinking how freaky it would be if the ice show went nude. Could you imagine the imprint you'd leave if you fell? Wouldn't it be awful if one of the fellows missed the barrel jump?' She snapped her fingers. 'Poetically speaking, ice is nice and will suffice, Shane.'

'That sounds too much like Robert Frost.'

DuBouillon

She pouted. 'Ice is nice . . . and so are birth control pills.'

I looked at her, but said nothing.

She stared back, then took my hand. 'Can we go to your flat?'

I hailed a taxi.

She kept her coat on as she explored my digs, looking at the paintings on the walls and the books stacked next to the couch. I put some music on the stereo, poured two cognacs and offered to take her coat . . . but she said no, not yet. Suddenly all the smiling and all the lunacy was gone. She held her drink nervously, strolling around the flat. Neither of us spoke. Then she took a big gulp of her drink and turned to me. I moved closer. She pursed her lips and I put my mouth on top of hers. She kissed me, then stepped back to finish her drink, then let her coat fall to the floor. I held her and kissed her neck. I rubbed my hand up her back. She tossed the empty glass onto the couch. I moved her arms around me. I moved my hips flush with hers. And she whispered, 'Poetically speaking, please be careful.'

Morning came all too quickly. I lay on my side, half awake, feeling very good, stretching, moving closer to her . . . the bed was empty.

'Michèle?' I turned. She wasn't there. 'Michèle?' No answer. 'Michèle?'

Jumping out of bed I went into the living room. Her clothes were gone.

The front door was no longer chained. 'Shit,' I said. Why did she leave? Where did she go? Then I remembered her train to Paris. My watch said 9.45. I phoned the hotel.

'The ice show people checked out an hour ago,' they said.

I thought of trying to make it to Victoria, but I was pretty sure she was on her way by now. Of course I could always find her in Paris because Paris isn't that far away . . . and maybe under different circumstances I would have. It's just that now I felt very strange. Kind of incomplete. She had put me off for two weeks and I loved it. No other girl had ever strung me along for so long. But then after two weeks, last night had been worth the wait. Now . . . the morning after was something else again. I couldn't help but think that maybe she wanted it to end like this. That she had planned it to end like this.

I picked the cognac glass off the couch.

I snapped on the radio.

She had planned it all right down to the very last minute and that bothered me.

I needed some coffee. I needed my robe.

As soon as I stepped into the bathroom, I saw my clothes neatly hung over the shower curtain. My shoes and socks were carefully placed on the floor next to the tub. I hadn't gone in there last night . . . and then I saw the mirror. A wide smile crawled onto my face. Yes, she had planned it all right down to the very last minute. And no, she hadn't left it dangling. She had left it all in fine style. One of the large feathers from her costume was toothpasted onto the mirror. And under it, in lipstick, she wrote, 'Poetically speaking . . . a lady should always say thanks. Shane.'

St Nazaire: the night of the five VCs

Early in 1942 the Admiralty ordered the destruction of St Nazaire dock – the only Atlantic port to cope with the mighty *Tirpitz*. The result was to be one of the most heroic and bloody raids of World War Two/By Gerald Rawling

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

It was 0128 on the morning of Saturday March 28, 1942 when the gaff was finally blown. The little British fleet comprising one motor gun boat, one elderly destroyer, a motor torpedo boat and 16 motor launches had been stealthily creeping up the estuary of the River Loire for nearly an hour and had for the last few minutes deceived the enemy into thinking that they were a German flotilla returning from patrol and requesting permission to enter harbour. But enemy suspicion, already strongly aroused, hardened into certainty when the strange ships increased speed rather than stopping to identify themselves. At 0128 precisely searchlight beams leapt out of the dark, pinpointing the targets and every gun in the shore defences opened fire on the small British fleet.

The destroyer, as the largest vessel in the convoy, took the worst of the punishment. Her captain, Lieut-Commander S H Beattie, peered anxiously through a slit in the armour plating of the bridge, looking for his target as a hail of shells and cannon-fire raked his decks and upperworks. Up for'ard a shell hit his 12-pounder, blowing its crew over the side and demolishing a three-inch mortar and the commandos manning it. Below decks shells were tearing through the side of the ship and exploding into vicious fragments of shrapnel which ricocheted around mess flats

and engine rooms causing further casualties. And then a burst of machine gun or cannonfire penetrated the wheelhouse, killing the coxswain and the quartermaster. Lieutenant Tibbetts, RN, an expert in explosives – but not in ship handling – jumped forward to take over the wheel. Up on the bridge, illuminated by searchlights and coloured tracer flashes, Lieut-Commander Beattie finally located his target, the immense caisson of the southern lock of the Normandie Dock at St Nazaire. He bent to the voicepipe. 'Emergency full ahead together. Steady as you go. Stand by to ram.' The old warship trembled with harnessed power and churned through the water at 20 knots. The caisson loomed nearer. 'Port twenty!' bellowed Beattie, endeavouring to get the correct angle that would swing the stern slightly to starboard on impact. As the ship charged in, some sort of incendiary missile landed on the fo'c's'le lighting up the scene with an eerie glow, complementing the existing firework display of tracer, shellburst and burning shipping. There was a heavy jolt as the bows sliced through anti-torpedo nets and the old destroyer slowed momentarily, perhaps down to 18 knots, and then, picking up speed again, she sailed smack into the dock gates at emergency full revs. There was a grinding crash, the shriek of tortured metal and the gunshot sounds of splintering timbers as the front 36 feet of *HMS Campbeltown* crumpled together and lifted until the concertinaed fo'c's'le deck projected over the lock gate and peered almost impertinently into the great dock itself. The time was 0134. On the bridge, Beattie turned to a commando officer, Captain Montgomery, and said: 'Well, there we are. Four minutes late.'

To describe the raid on St Nazaire as one of the most extraordinary and heroic episodes of World War II is hardly to overstate the case. In terms of planning it showed a boldness worthy of Drake's use of fireships against the Armada. In terms of execution it was perhaps less successful – part triumph, part shambles – but in terms of valour and true grit one only has to add up the decorations awarded afterwards which come to the awesome total of 85. And all medals of the type that do not come up with the NAAFI rations – five Victoria Crosses, four Distinguished Service Orders, 17 Distinguished Service Crosses, 11 Military Crosses, four Conspicuous Gallantry Medals, five Distinguished Conduct Medals, 24 Distinguished Service Medals, 15 Military Medals. In addition 51 people were Mentioned in Despatches, 22 of them posthumously.

The idea of an attack on the great Normandie Dock at St Nazaire had been occupying the minds of the planning staff at Combined Operations Headquarters ever since that organisation's inception under Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes. In October, 1941 the Admiral was replaced by a much more junior officer – a mere four ring captain – but he was a man with a long and distinguished career in the Royal Navy behind him. His name was Captain the Lord Louis Mountbatten. Mountbatten brought the St Nazaire dossier to the front of the pile once more – and in January 1942 there were sufficient reasons for this. It was a time when Atlantic convoys of merchant ships were a kind of life-line to the United Kingdom and anything that threatened them was an automatic target for offensive operations. U-Boats were an obvious menace, but powerful surface raiders were even more so and up in Tromso in Northern Norway sat the German battleship *Tirpitz* which could at any moment move out into the Atlantic like a queen on a chessboard, taking the pawns of merchant shipping and escort vessels at will and returning to base on a long swift move across the board. *Tirpitz*, because of her very existence and her potential power, occupied the minds of naval planners constantly. But, if a powerful piece, her manoeuvrability was somewhat less than that of a chessboard queen. The Admiralty reasoned it thus: *Tirpitz* could very easily forsake the comparative safety of the Norwegian fiords and venture into the Atlantic where, for a period, she could wreak enormous havoc among those vital convoys, but if she did so, sooner or later there would come the time when she required repairs or a major refit – and on the whole of the Atlantic coast of Europe there was only one port with docking facilities sufficient for coping with a vessel of her size. These were in St Nazaire where there was an immense dry dock, known to the French as the Forme Ecluse Joubert and to the British as the Normandie Dock since it was in this location that the great French passenger liner, the *Normandie* had been built. The St Nazaire raid was mounted, quite simply, to deny the use of the Normandie Dock to the *Tirpitz* and to keep that vessel bottled up in Tromso.

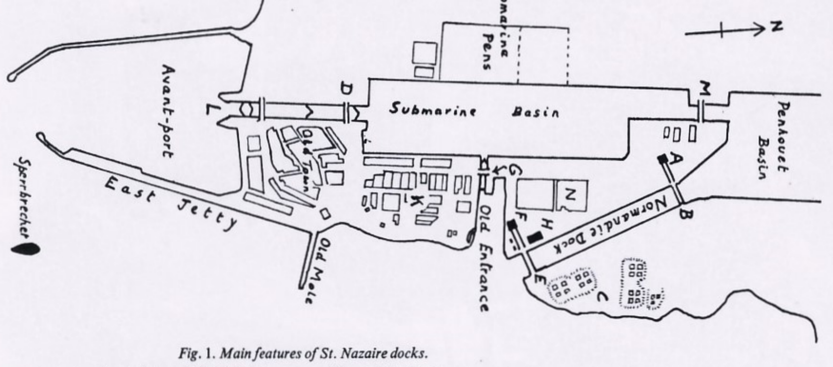

Fig. 1. Main features of St. Nazaire docks.

A, *northern winding-hut for*
B, *northern caisson*
C, *area of underground fuel tanks*
D, *Bridge D*
E, *southern caisson*
F, *southern winding-hut*
G, *Bridge G*
H, *pumping-house*
K, *warehouse area where commandos fought dockyard battle*
L, *new or southern entrance*
M, *Bridge M*
N, *Forge de l'Ouest*

A diagrammatic view of St Nazaire Docks showing the Normandie Dock and the Old Mole.

At Combined Operations Headquarters, it was the chief naval planner, Captain J Hughes-Hallett, who came up with the idea of an expendable warship containing a delayed action explosive charge which could be used to ram the gate and then be evacuated by her crew. There was, of course, the problem of just how they should be evacuated and the answer was eventually found by the provision of a small fleet of motor launches from Coastal Forces – lightly armed and thin-skinned wooden vessels which were hardly ideal for the purpose but the only small and handy ships available, there being no armoured landing craft in service at that early stage of the war. Expendable warships were also in short supply but the Admiralty was reluctantly persuaded to part with *HMS Campbeltown*, an ageing four-funnelled destroyer, formerly the *USS Buchanan*, which the Americans had earlier supplied under Lease Lend arrangements. This floating relic of a more gracious age was moved to Devonport where a small army of dockyard mateys descended on her and with the traditional and long-standing British genius for improvisation, changed her appearance so she resembled as much as anything, the kind of German torpedo boats that were operating out of the Biscay ports at the time. Then, under the direction of naval and military explosives experts, the forward end of the destroyer was packed below decks with 24 depth charges totalling some 4½ tons of high explosive. The charge was positioned about 30 feet back from the bows, to avoid damage on impact, stored in a steel tank, then encased in concrete and fitted with a long delay pencil fuse which could be activated on the approach up the estuary. In the meantime two officers had been selected to command the military and naval sides of the operation. It was intended to get commandos ashore both from *Campbeltown* and the supporting launches to create further havoc and demolition in the dock area and the man chosen to lead them was Lieut-Colonel A C Newman, the Commanding officer of No. 2 Commando. Newman was not a professional soldier – he

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An Englishman in Hamburg decided to visit a brothel. The madame, who was in the bar chatting to an old and respected client, greeted him courteously and sent him upstairs with one of the newer girls. But scarcely had the door of the bedroom closed behind them than the girl dashed out in a tearful state.

'No, no,' she cried as she fled and locked herself in the bathroom, 'what does he think I am?'

The madame shrugged her shoulders. 'She is young and still a little shy. I will send up one of my more experienced girls,' she told her older client by way of explanation.

However, no sooner had the door closed behind them than this girl too dashed out. 'Never in my whole career have I been asked such a thing,' she shouted and stormed into the kitchen.

The madame again shrugged her shoulders and said to her gentleman friend beside her, 'Never has a client been refused in my house. My honour is at stake.' And with that she marched upstairs to serve the Englishman personally.

The Englishman whispered in her ear and the madame gave a scream of horror, seized him by the collar, flung him downstairs and out into the street. 'Some men have no shame,' she said indignantly.

'But what did he want,' asked her old respected client, beside himself with curiosity.

'He wanted to pay in English money.'

'I keep having a strange dream,' said the patient to his psychiatrist. 'I keep dreaming I'm having intercourse with a biscuit barrel.'

'Most interesting,' said the psychiatrist, 'Come and lay on the couch and tell me about it. Now what kind of biscuit barrel is it?'

'Oh, just a wooden barrel with a handle on top.'

'Is the lid on or off?'

'Off.'

'Are there biscuits in the barrel?' quizzed the psychiatrist.

'Yes.'

'Sweet or dry biscuits?'

'Dry,' replied the puzzled patient.

'The answer is simple,' said the psychiatrist, 'you're fucking crackers.'

The battalion was lined up on the parade ground when the Colonel rode up on his horse. 'Smart body of men you have there Sar'nt-Major,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' was the snappy reply.

'Any of them know anything about farriery? It's my horse, he needs shoeing,' continued the Colonel.

'I'll go and ask, sir,' replied the Sergeant-Major. 'Any of you men had any experience of shoeing horses?' he shouted to the assembled ranks. For a moment there was no response, and then a man stepped forward.

'Have you ever shod a horse before?' asked the NCO.

'No, Sar'nt-Major, but I was a fitter before I joined the army. I'll have a go at it.'

'This man says he'll have a go at it, sir,' said the NCO as he accompanied the soldier to the mounted officer.

'All right, then,' said the Colonel, dismounting, 'take him away and see what you can do with him.'

The soldier took the horse to the workshops and later on, when the Colonel went to see how the work was progressing, he found the horse fitted with four nicely made shoes, neatly nailed on. However, the horse was lying on his back with all four legs in the air.

'Excellent job,' said the Colonel, 'especially as you haven't had any previous experience. Tell me, though, why is he on his back like that?'

'I've been wondering about that myself sir,' said the soldier, 'he's been like it ever since I took him out of the vice.'

The shift-worker found that his sex-life was very demanding. Indeed, he believed his wife to be a nymphomaniac. He was awakened one mid-morning by a persistent knocking at the front door. Upon opening it he was confronted by a small Indian door-to-door salesman.

'Greetings, Sahib, you like to buy matches, beads, shoe-laces or nice ties?'

'No!' said the shift-worker firmly.

'By your waking me up, you've ruined my marriage. If I don't get six hours sleep I can't satisfy my wife, and if I can't satisfy my wife she will leave me.'

'Oh not to worry Sahib, I can help,' comforted the salesman. 'You wear a pair of my socks and you will have permanent belly-knocking hard-on.'

Thinking that he would have to buy a pair to get rid of the salesman he asked to try one on. Upon doing so he felt an immediate twitch. Upon putting the second on he had an immediate erection, grabbed the Indian, pulled him into the hall and threw him to the floor and then promptly got across him.

'Golly, blimey, Sahib, take bloody socks off – you've got them on inside out.'

An intoxicated gentleman stood at the bar and suddenly realised that his trousers were soaking. 'Hey mishter,' he said to the man next to him, 'did you throw your drink on my pants?'

'Good heavens no,' came the reply.

Then he asked the man on his other side and was greeted with a look of disgust. 'Oh well,' he said to himself, 'it must have been an inside job.'

A randy short-sighted thief
Tried raping the Countess of Keefe.
He leapt on her bed,
But he missed, and instead,
He buggered the butler beneath.

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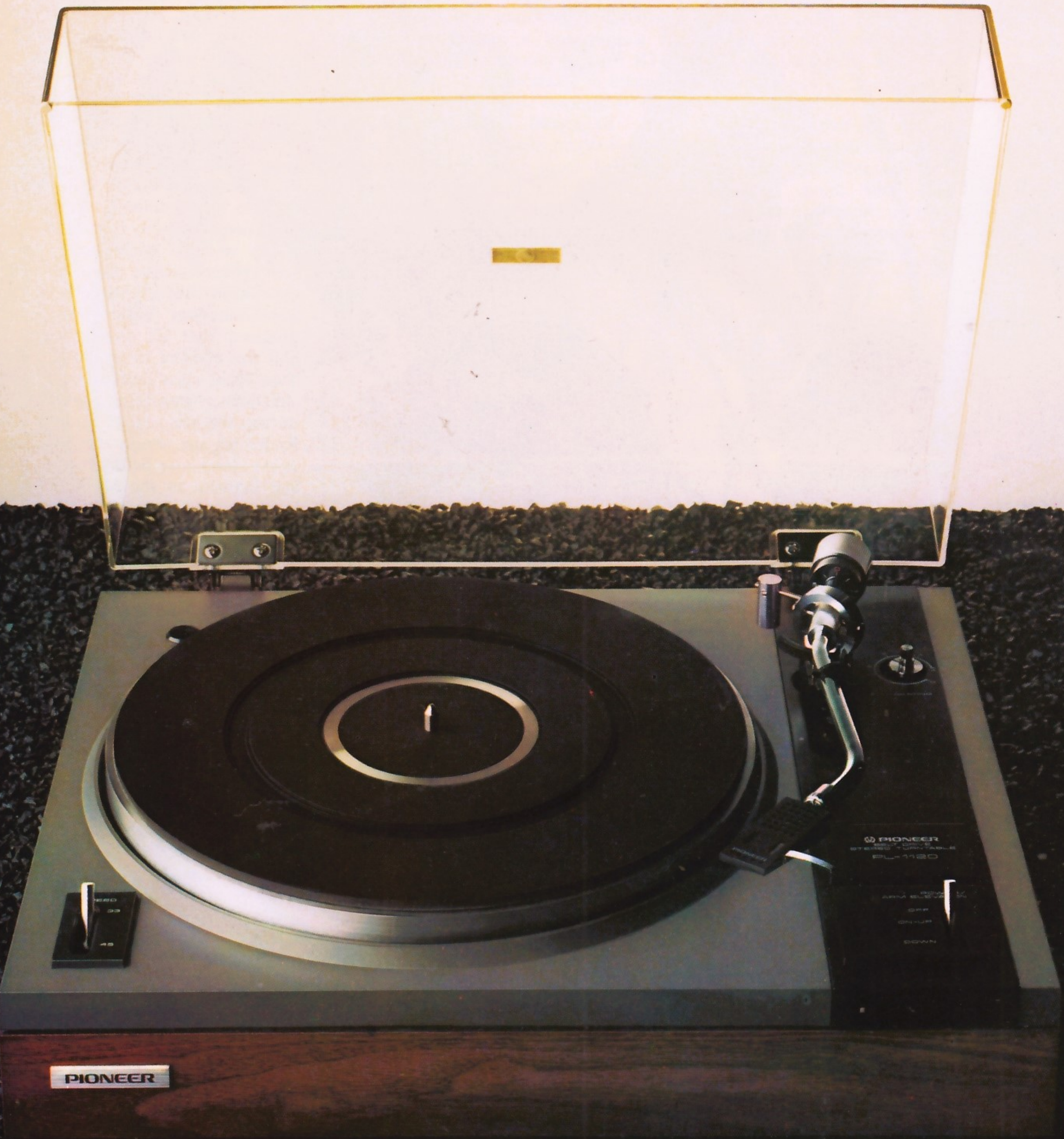
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St Nazaire

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was in fact a successful building contractor who had been a keen Territorial officer but now, to his obvious enthusiasm, he found himself actively involved in high adventure.

The naval command was given to Commander R E D Ryder, a regular officer, a cool, unflappable type who had commanded a research vessel in the Antarctic – for which he had been awarded the coveted plain white ribbon of the Polar Medal – and who had later lost his ship in a collision – for which he was awarded the displeasure of their Lordships of the Admiralty. Together, the two of them got down to the problems of detailed planning.

Ramming the St Nazaire Dock with the *Campbeltown* was one thing, but the raiders wanted to do more than just that and a whole series of subsidiary demolitions were planned for execution by the commandos. Men carrying up to 90 lbs of explosive on their backs could hardly be expected to deal effectively with enemy troops as well, so the assault teams were divided into demolition sections, armed only with Colt .45 automatics, and protection teams who carried Brens, Thompson submachine guns and mortars. In addition to the launches, a motor gun boat (MGB 314) was to be used as a floating headquarters for Newman and Ryder during the assault and a motor torpedo boat (MTB 74) was taken along because it was equipped in a special way.

MTB 74 appears to have been an unusual craft. Skippered by Sub-Lieutenant R C M V Wynn, she had had her torpedoes dismantled from their normal midships location and they were now mounted on the fo'c's'le deck and fitted with non-standard delayed action fuses. The original reason for this had been a madcap scheme devised by Wynn himself for an attack on the *Scharnhorst* at a time when she was lying in Brest harbour, the idea being that he should charge up to the anti-torpedo nets surrounding the battle cruiser and launch his tin fish from their elevated mountings over the nets to hit the enemy warship, sink and later detonate beneath her hull where they would, hopefully, break her back. It was, perhaps, no more crazy an idea than ramming the Normandie Dock with an old destroyer, but it came to nothing when, in February 1942, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* slipped out from Brest through the Straits of Dover and made their escape. MTB 74 had another peculiarity: although she had five engines and was capable of a staggering 40 knots when all of them were at full throttle, she suffered from an almost permanent disability to keep all her engines going at the same time and Ryder seriously considered omitting her from the expedition. But on the eve of departure, Sub-Lieutenant Wynn triumphantly announced that all engines were working and was allowed to go along.

Two Hunt class destroyers, *Tynedale* and *Atherstone*, were being provided as escorts during the sea voyage and Newman and Ryder set up temporary headquarters in *HMS Atherstone* before transferring at the last moment to the MGB. It was only a few hours before their departure that Ryder, studying the latest air reconnaissance photographs of the St Nazaire dock area, identified five German destroyers of the *Möwe* class newly berthed in one of the basins adjacent to the building which Newman had decided to capture and use as his headquarters. Ryder was concerned; Newman refused to be impressed. 'How many men would I need to capture them?' he asked. A pause for reflection and then Ryder asked: 'How many have you got in reserve?' 'Twelve,' answered Newman, and Ryder responded drily: 'Then, Charles, you will probably need all of them.'

They left from Falmouth at 1400 hours on March 26. Both the MTB and the MGB were short range vessels, hungry on fuel, and were towed most of the way, the MTB behind *Campbeltown* and the MGB behind *Atherstone*. By the standards of what was to come the voyage was relatively uneventful, although shortly after dawn on the 27th, they sighted a surfaced U-Boat some seven miles away and the two destroyers charged into the attack but the submarine crash-dived and escaped. Shortly after this they encountered a group of French trawlers and, for security reasons, decided to sink them after taking off their crews. Ryder was extremely security conscious and prepared to go to any lengths to preserve the surprise element in the attack.

At dusk on the 27th they altered course for the final run in to St Nazaire, homing in on the dim beacon supplied by the partially submerged submarine, *HMS Sturgeon*, which had positioned herself in readiness at the mouth of the Loire Estuary. *Atherstone* and *Tynedale* left the little convoy and Newman, Ryder and their

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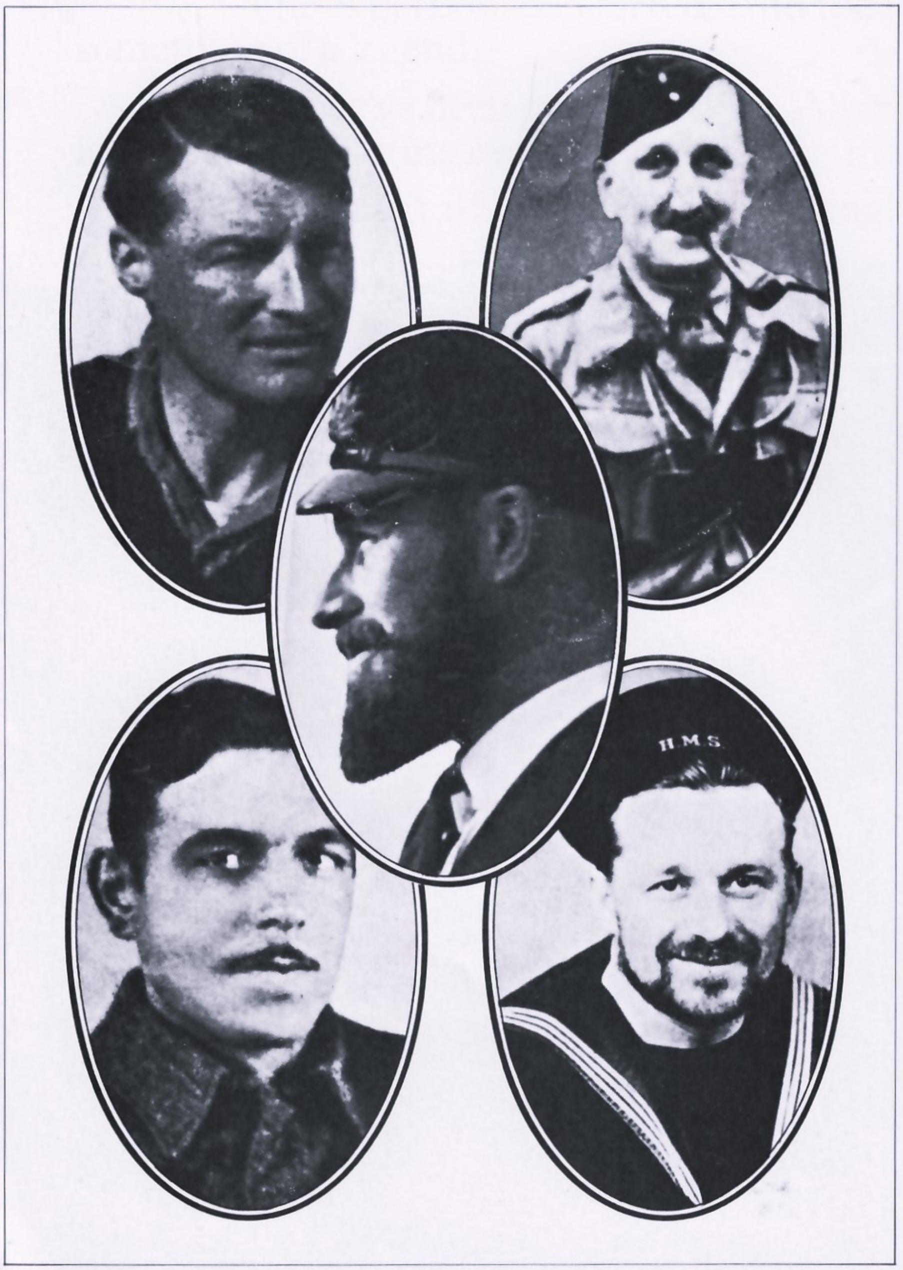
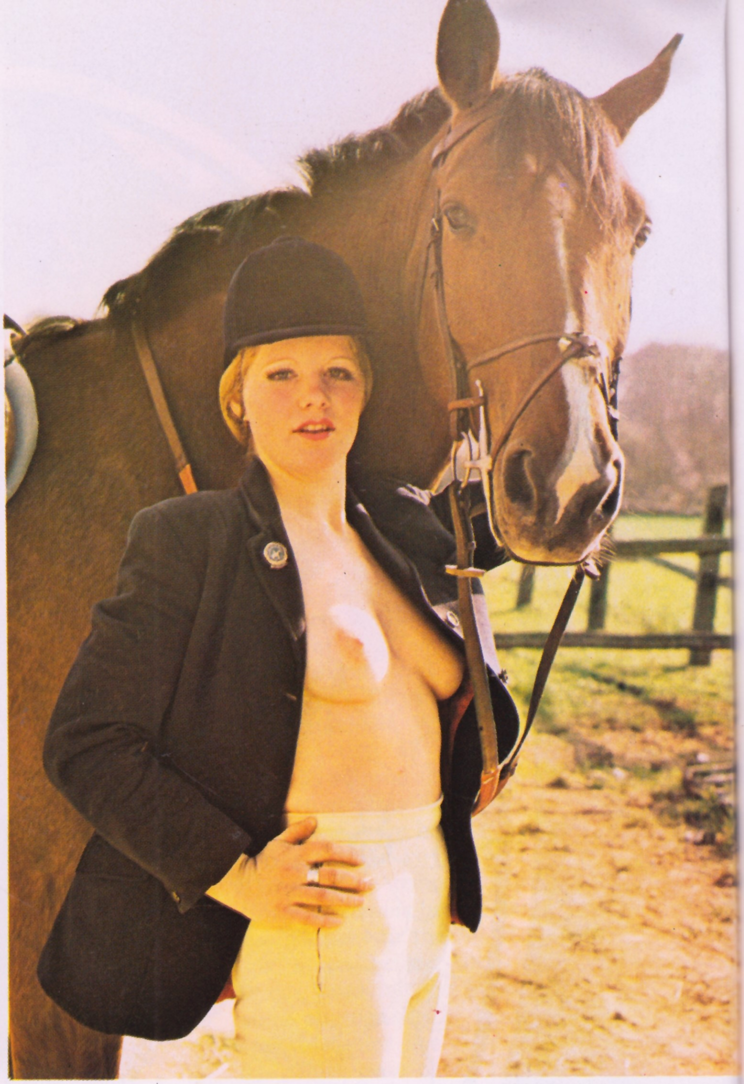


The five Victoria Cross winners at St Nazaire. Top left: Commander R E D Ryder; right: Lieut-Colonel A C Newman; centre Lieut-Commander S H Beattie; bottom left: Sergeant T F Durrant; right: Able Seaman W A Savage. The total number of decorations came to 85.

TESSA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN BRISTOW

Twenty-one-year-old Tessa Spencer belies the popularly held myth that all model girls enjoy a life of pampered luxury. Not for her late nights and long lie-ins the following morning. Instead, her routine is one that would make even the fittest of males hesitate before taking it on. 36–24–36 Tessa runs a riding stable down in rural Pulborough, Sussex, where, on a freelance basis, she breaks and trains – horses before you start getting any other ideas. Born in Alton, Hampshire and schooled at Alton Secondary Modern, Tessa moved to Brighton after leaving school and worked for a while as a



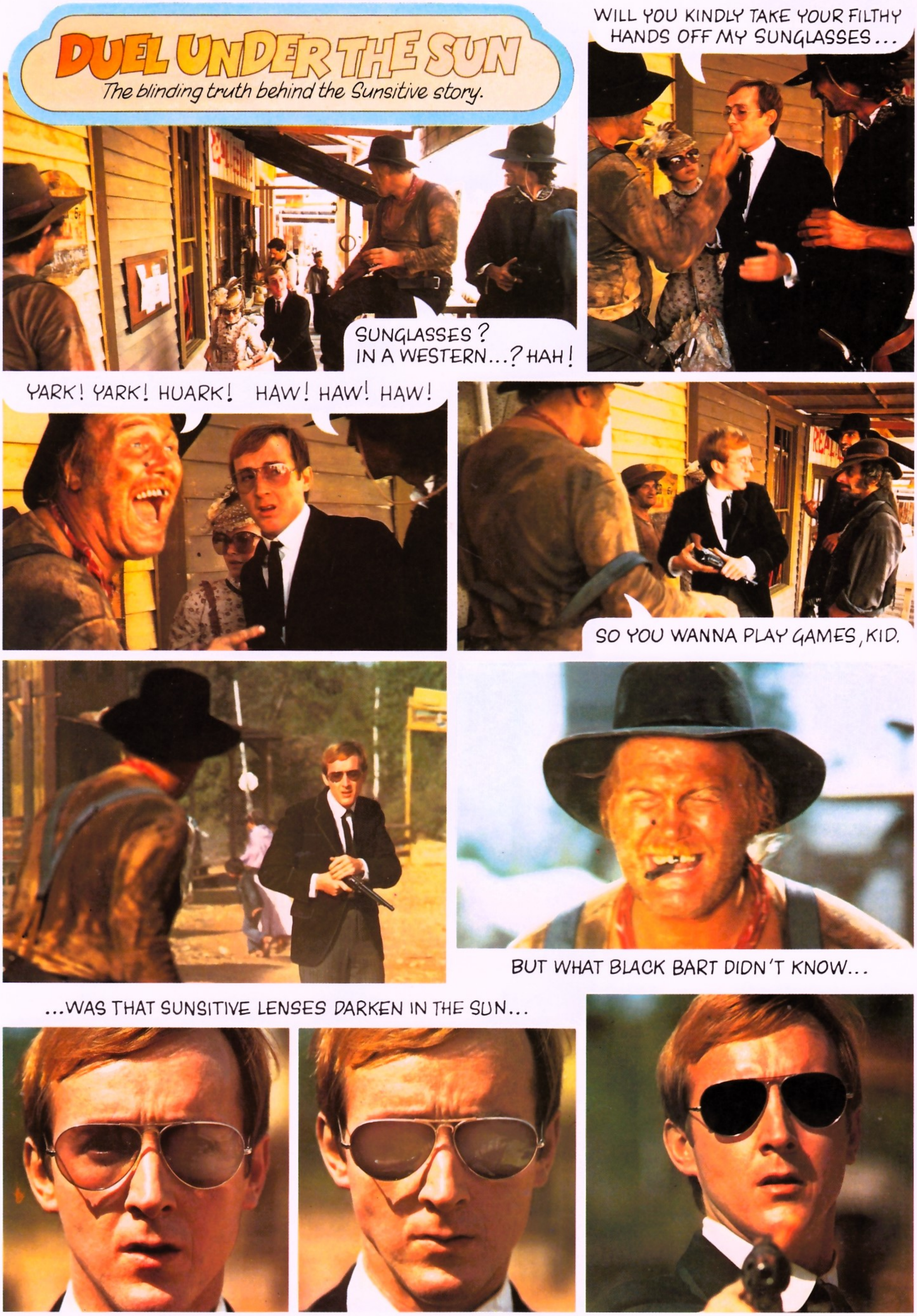
shorthand typist for Marston Radiator Services. Working with horses remained the goal however and Tessa eventually arrived at the Brendon Riding School near Brighton, gaining there all the experience necessary prior to setting up her own show. Despite her own gruelling schedule though, Tessa still finds time to compete in shows and events. 'My ambition is to ride in the Badminton Three-day event and to compete at the Olympics,' says Tessa. 'Mark you, that's easier said than done, because the standards are very high and the competition once you get to the top level is really fierce.' She smiles. 'Still, someone I once competed against has made the grade, so I don't see why I shouldn't.' That someone is Princess Anne, and leaving aside the welter of eulogies that more often than not seem to accompany HRH's equestrian exploits, it's interesting to listen to Tessa's dispassionate and professional views on Princess Anne as a rider. 'Princess Anne,' maintains Tessa, 'is in a rather difficult situation as most people, the press included, expect her to be lots better than she really is. She is however a very brave rider – I think her show at

the Montreal Olympics left everyone in no doubts as to her capabilities in *that* particular department. I mean, consider yourself riding in the cross-country section of a three-day event. It's a really hard test for both horse and rider. You can come to a fence which is only, say, three feet six inches high, but that fence could have a drop of eight feet at the other side – and to push yourself and your horse into that kind of obstacle does require quite a high degree of courage. I know that criticism has been levelled at Princess Anne from some quarters that she

pushes her horses too hard, but personally-speaking, I don't go along with that; I don't think she does.' Tessa smiles. 'But let's face it, with everything that she has, she can't fail. I'd be the first to admit though that she is a very fit rider and that her dressage is excellent. All the same, I can't help but feel that she's just a tiny bit overrated, In my view Mark Phillips is a better rider.' Critiques aside, how did Tessa make the change from bareback riding to bareback modelling? 'My husband sent in a picture of me,' she explains. 'We, or rather he, gets *Mayfair* regularly and reckoned that to be a model was a piece of cake. So he took a snap and sent if off. I quite enjoyed the modelling session, but I'd never take it up full-time. I'd have to spend more time in London, which I'd hate, and I'd have to give up working with horses, and that is something I'd *never* do.' The equine world's gain is modelling's loss.

DUEL UNDER THE SUN

The blinding truth behind the Sunsitive story.


WILL YOU KINDLY TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF MY SUNGLASSES...
SUNGLASSES? IN A WESTERN...? HAH!
YARK! YARK! HUARK!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
SO YOU WANNA PLAY GAMES, KID.
BUT WHAT BLACK BART DIDN'T KNOW...
...WAS THAT SUNSITIVE LENSES DARKEN IN THE SUN...

MUMMY!
SUNSITIVE SURE COMES, IN HANDY, ...EVEN IN A WESTERN.
SUNSITIVE
Sunsitive® lenses are sensitive to sunlight because your eyes are.
® Sovirel trade mark

St. Nazaire

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small headquarters staffs transferred to the MGB. Then the flotilla cruised quietly up through the narrowing banks of the River Loire.

In the meantime 35 Whitley bombers and 25 Wellingtons were taking off from English airfields to bomb the St Nazaire dock facilities in a diversionary raid which had the unfortunate effect of putting the enemy on their guard rather than distracting them from the business in hand. For security reasons the pilots were never told why they were flying the sortie, they were ordered to drop only one bomb per run and in no circumstances to fly below 6,000 feet. In fact the cloud cover was well below that level and, although a few bombs were dropped, the attack was carried out in such an eccentric fashion that the suspicions of the commander of the Naval Flak Brigade, Kapitan zur See Mecke, were thoroughly aroused. 'Some devilry is afoot,' he remarked to one of his staff – and put the whole defence system on full alert.

All this time the raiders had been making steady progress up the estuary but at 0122 on March 28 searchlights fastened on them and signal lights started blinking from both shores. This had been expected and prepared for; the command team on the MGB included a German-speaking bunting tosser, Leading Seaman Pike, who calmly picked up his Aldis lamp and started flashing a message to the effect that they were a German patrol entering harbour in accordance with orders – he didn't say whose. With skilful delaying tactics, he stopped halfway through the message with an imperious 'Wait' and turned to give a similar signal to the other station. For a few precious minutes the device worked but then the game was up and the very considerable defensive armament of the German garrison opened fire.

For 10 minutes there was a display worthy of a Brock's Benefit as every usable gun on both sides let loose. At the head of the little fleet Ryder and Newman crouched on the armoured bridge of MGB while her captain, Lieut D M C Curtis, steered his small ship for the southern caisson of the Normandie Dock with *Campbeltown* following. Passing an anchored *Sperrbrecher* (flak ship or barrage breaker) they came under heavy fire and Able Seaman Savage, manning the for'ard pom-pom, sprayed the vessel so effectively that she was – temporarily at least – put out of action. Then the great gate of the dock appeared in front of them and the handy little MGB swung away to starboard in a tight circle leaving the way clear for the following destroyer to ram.

Beattie did his work with immaculate precision and moments after the impact Newman was ashore with Major Copland, his second-in-command, and the surviving commandos aboard *Campbeltown*. The assault parties scrambled up over the dock gate and managed to knock out several gun positions, clearing the way for the demolition parties who successfully destroyed the pump and winding house machinery for operating the southern gates of the lock. Other commando sections, trying to repeat the process at the northern end of the lock, suffered heavy casualties and were less successful, but contrived to detonate charges suspended against the caisson gates and had the satisfaction of hearing water rushing through from the neighbouring basin after an explosion which reverberated over the whole town.

With Colonel Newman ashore looking after his commandos, Ryder supervised the scuttling of *Campbeltown*, ensuring that she sank where she was with the charges in place. Wynn had appeared with his MTB and Ryder ordered him to fire his two delayed action torpedoes at the southern caisson to make assurance doubly sure. There was a heart-stopping moment as Wynn pressed his buttons and they all heard the deadly hiss of the torpedoes as they bounded from their fo'c's'le mountings and thrashed their way through the short distance to the gate. If the delayed action mechanism failed to work, they realised, the torpedoes would explode and the two small boats would be blown to pieces – but happily there was only a brace of dull thuds, barely audible above the noise of battle, and the two missiles sank to the bottom of the approach.

While all this had been going on the vulnerable motor launches had been steaming up in two columns to put their

turn to page 75

ARTHUR REID

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VIKKI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Hard to imagine the 38–24–37 inches of 21-year-old Vikki Donovan squeezed into the green skirt and blazer and passion-killing bloomers of one of this country's most exclusive girls' schools. But that – barely four years ago – was just the case. Vikki topped up eight 'O' Levels at Cheltenham Ladies College and celebrated by draping a lavatory seat and baggy green knickers over the head of one of Cheltenham's most prominent public statues. 'It was just as well it was my last day,' Vikki laughs. 'I got the cup for being the best behaved girl that year!' Daughter of a

former Lieut-Colonel in the Indian Army – 'my father had his own regiment which was just outside Delhi, the Fourth/16 Punjab; another relative was a major-general during the First World War' – Vikki loved her College days. 'We were called greenflies because of the uniform, but it was great fun. There was great comradeship and no bitchiness – I was amazed. And it made you aware of things much more quickly than you would have done otherwise. My initials are VD and when I went there at the age of 11, I couldn't understand why people found that so funny.'

She adds: 'Some of the girls in the upper forms certainly seemed to show lesbian tendencies, but the most I actually experienced was finding two 12-year-olds tucked up in the same bed, though I think what they really wanted was a

cuddle; they missed their mums.' Vikki's sexual predilections remain staunchly male-orientated, though she's without a boyfriend at the moment. 'I like older men, intelligent but not intellectual, with a good business sense and a good sense of humour. Looks aren't important,' she insists. Past flames have all been in show business – a bug she caught at school after winning prizes for verse speaking. But stints as a magician's assistant and an offer to be a hostess of TV's *Mr and Mrs* quiz show – turned down through illness – seem to have worked a cure. 'It was just a childish thing,' she says. 'I've got it out of my system.' Meantime Vikki is studying for a degree in public relations, spending her lunchtimes in 'the life and soul' of her native Southport, *The Coronation* public house. 'They have a lot of folk singers there and everyone joins in. I love it. I love meeting people.' We're sure that works both ways.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / VIKKI DONOVAN

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / VIKKI DONOVAN

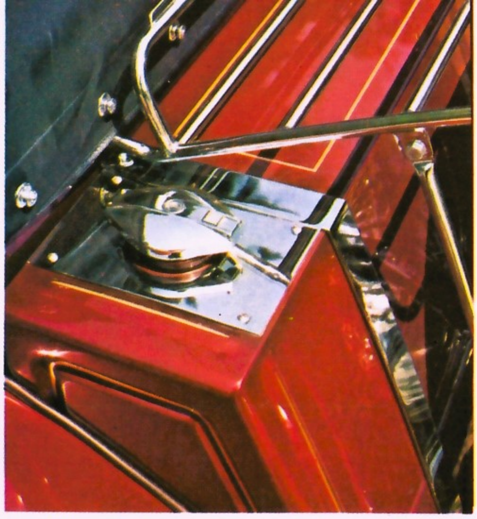
From the Bugatti-style elegance of the Panther De Ville to the nippiness of the Lima sports, replica cars combine the joys of classic motoring with modern comfort and reliability

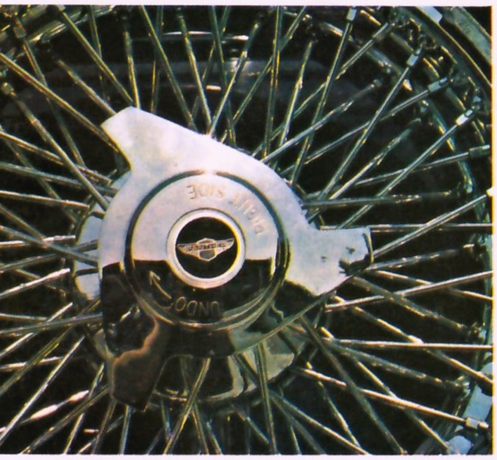
REPRO ROADSTERS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographs by Andrew Morland

The present day fanaticism for old motor vehicles, no matter whether they be nice cars, indifferent cars, or downright nasty cars, or omnibuses, taxis, vans, lorries or tricars, for that matter, has brought some odd things in its wake. Odd things such as an otherwise sane man keeping his vintage Bentley or Bugatti in a heated garage, standing it on blocks to preserve its tyres against split walls, its bright work ever obscured by vaseline layers and its complicated engine never run, merely turned over occasionally on the handle, against the glad day when its value increases to selling point. While a similar motor owner is to be seen thrashing the living daylights out of an exactly similar Bentley or Bugatti at Silverstone or Oulton Park. Other oddities appear to be the frequent auctions of such machinery, the advertisements in the back-end of *Exchange & Mart* and *Motor Sport* which appear to offer some desirable motor car for a reasonably modest amount of the hard-to-come-by folding stuff, except that as you read on you become aware that the proffered blob of aged machinery has no crankshaft, or that no body of any kind

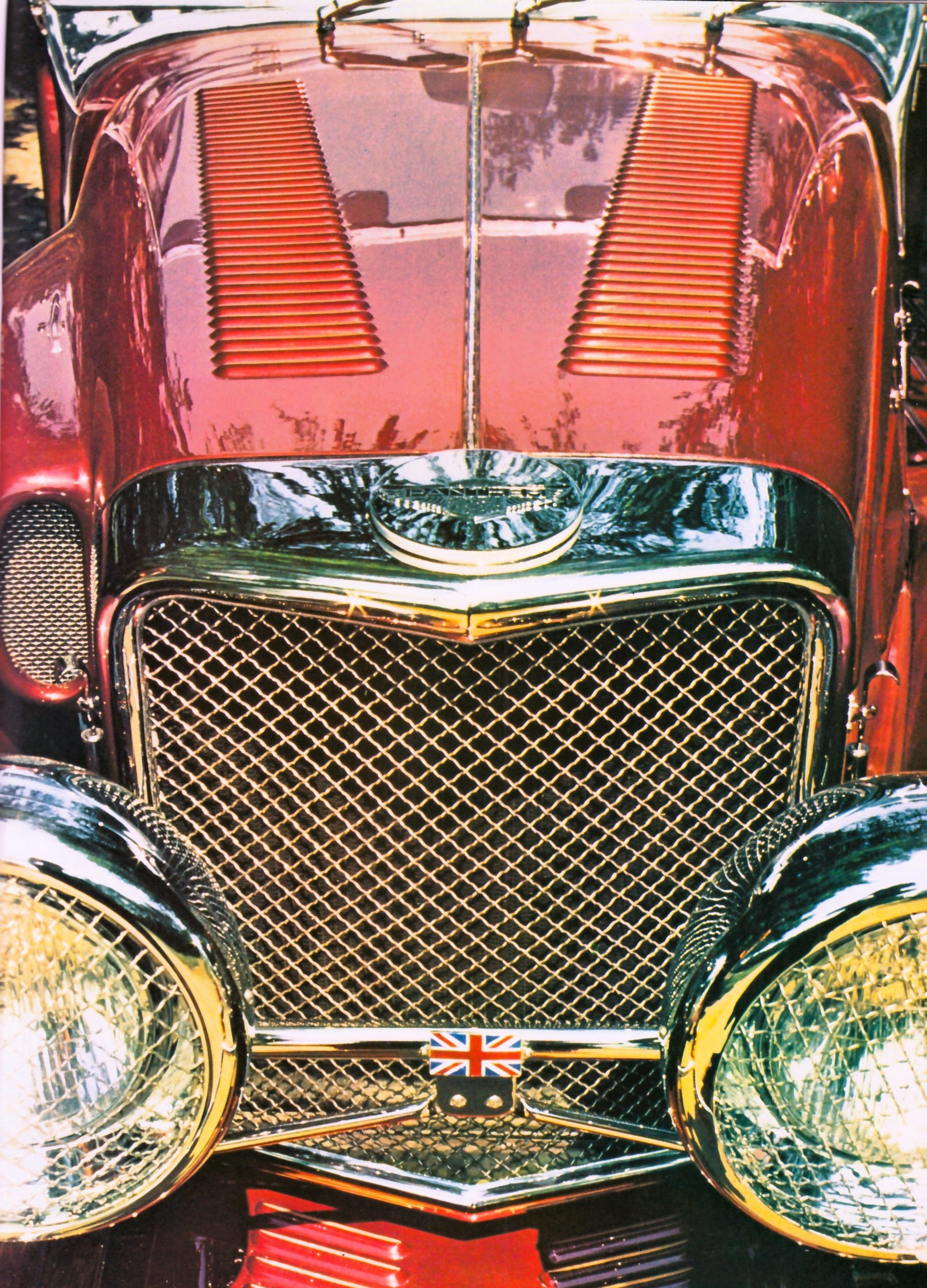
Main picture overleaf, this and opposite page: views of the J72 Panther. Pre-war motoring style with modern-day comfort and reliability. Incorporating a 4.2-litre Jaguar engine, the J72 has an aluminium hand coachbuilt body on a rectangular steel ladder chassis, colour is unlimited.





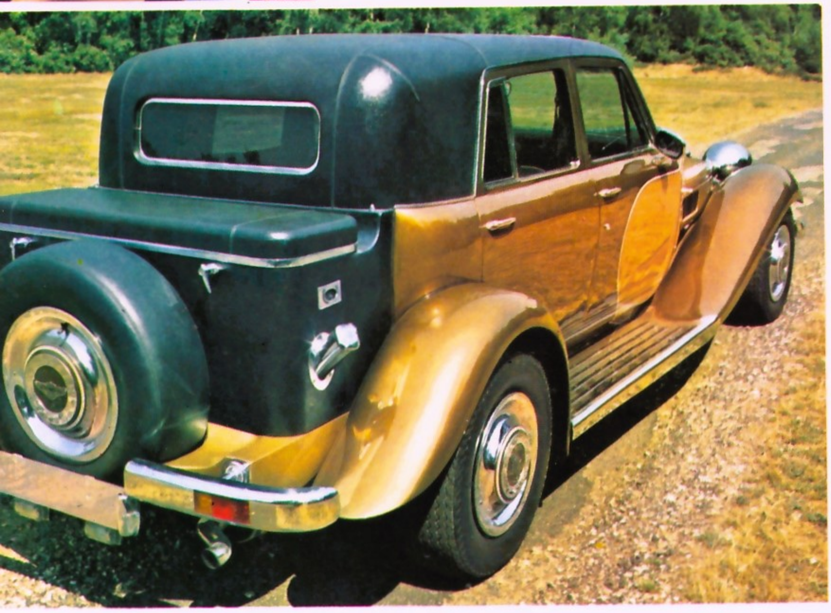
adorns its chassis, or that, though it may be all there in the vendor's estimation, you would have to assemble it yourself, from a collection of miscellaneous bits.

It is a fact of vintage motoring life that in the 1970s search as you will, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a complete motorcar of the 12/50, 3-litre or 30/98 pedigree. If the miracle occurs, the price is sure to be astronomically high, the car probably not entirely original, and St Christopher help you if anything mechanical breaks – because spares will be virtually unobtainable and to replace a vital something you will almost certainly have to get a new part made. All of which makes owning, running, let alone racing, a vintage car somewhat daunting. To press home my point, I know a man who owns a very valuable one-off blower-4½ single-seater Bentley that, driven by the celebrated Sir Henry Birkin, Bart., broke the Brooklands lap-record on more than one occasion – I know, because as a callow youth I was there, watching it, bright green with envy. This famous and very impressive lump of supercharged motoring history has been beautifully and painstakingly restored. But sometimes it cracks a cylinder block – one of Walter Bentley's pre-1914 type, with the cylinder head integral with it and holding 16 overhead valves. When this happens its luckless owner pays out something in the region of £1,000 to have a new one cast – and no guarantee, of course. In a much

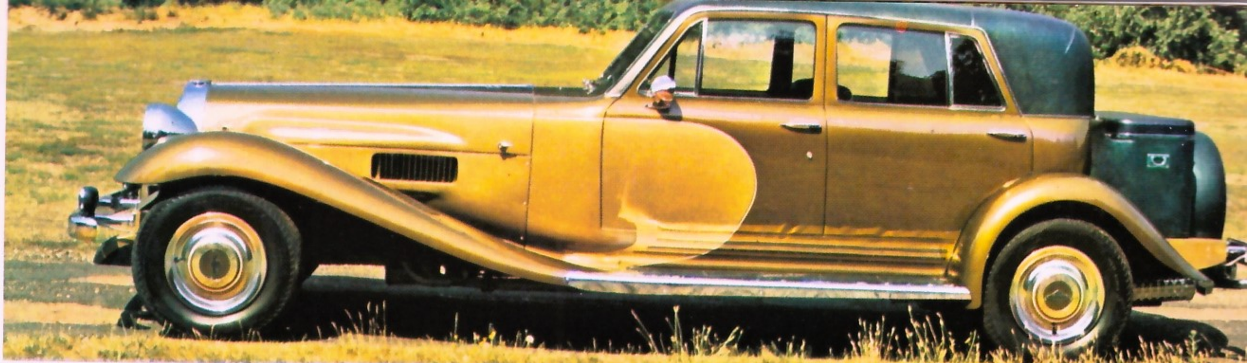

PANTHER

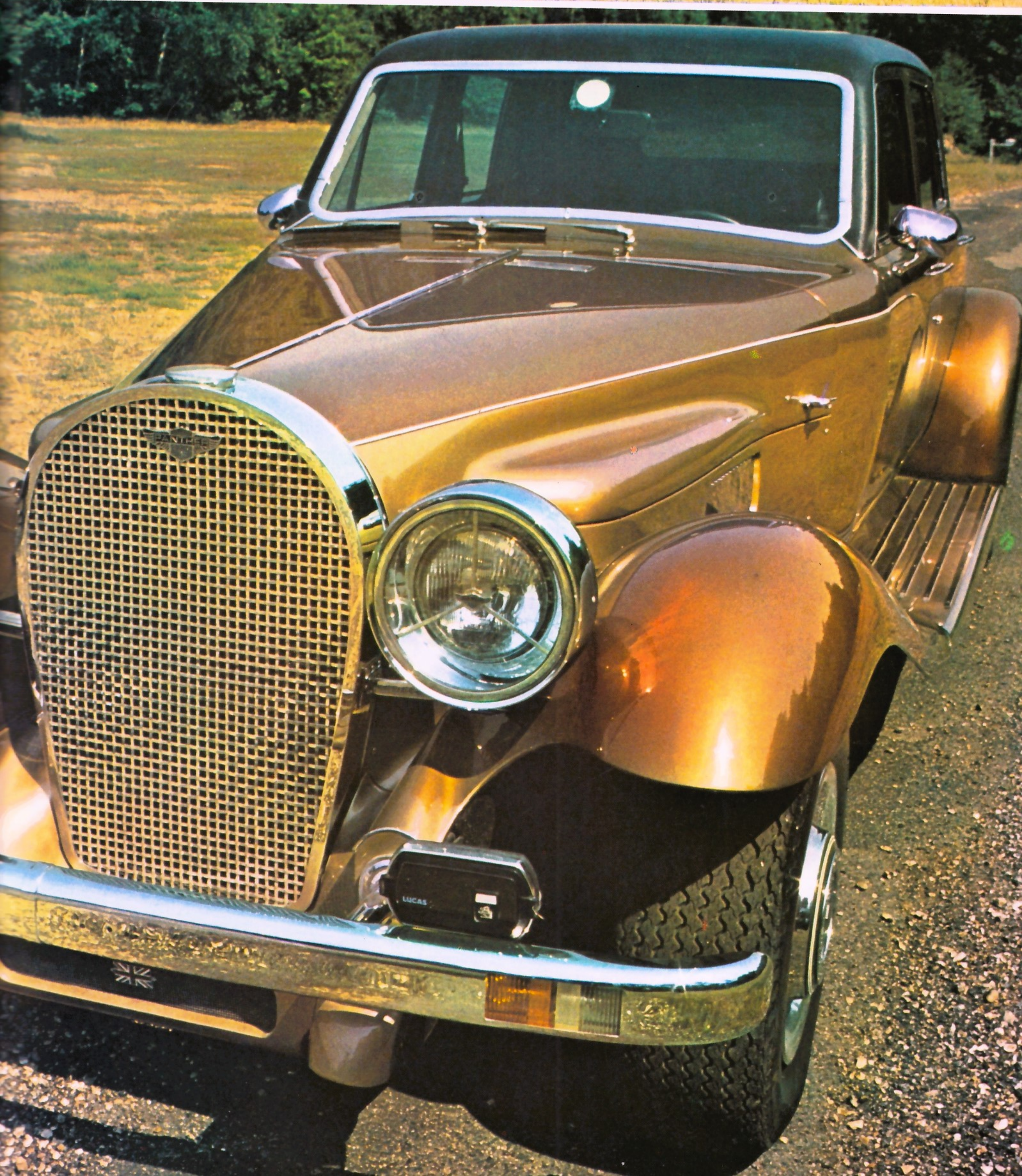
more humble way I have this problem up my own street. That is, I possess a rather nice cheeky little 1922 Talbot-Darracq of 8 horse-power, a product of Paris and Acton, London, that among other feats, had the audacity to take the mickey out of then-modern cars in the RAC Rally of 1935. The years passed by and it lost its compression and its paintwork grew mouldy. But since then it has been delightfully restored. A son-in-law did the donkey work and I fed the suppliers of resuscitated bits with cheques. Then the cylinder head – quite a simple Louis Coatalen contrivance this time, detachable, and with only 8 push-rod-prodded valves in it – cracked and out ran the cooling water. To date no replacement has been found and the original is in the care of a welding surgeon, who has yet to operate, not necessarily successfully.

In brief, vintage motoring is *expensive*. Yet



This page, top, and opposite page, top left: latest in the Panther range, the two-seater sportster Lima. Priced at £4,498.65p, it is the least expensive of Panthers with a Vauxhall 2.3-litre big car engine and using Vauxhall high performance equipment. Above, right and top right, opposite page: the celebrated De Ville saloon, with Jaguar V12 and 4.2-litre power packs to choice. Handbuilt at around £30,000, it is a gift for nostalgic millionaires.




PANTHER
LUCAS

the demand increases, with brisk bidding at auctions here and abroad, the specialist magazines packed with small ads for such cars (and commercials and even motor cycles) and all manner of races, rallies and runs for the ancients taking place, from the celebrated 'Brighton' every November to the recent international assembly based on Harrogate. Moreover, many of those who have had to give up the rat race of buying and maintaining a genuine vintage motor (pre-1931, that is) have steadily turned to more recent acquisitions. First it was vehicles built (by the original manufacturers, I hasten to add) up to the outbreak of the Second World War. Now the 1950's, even the 1960's, confections are tending to come into the limelight.

The Vintage Sports Car Club which helped to foster all this enthusiasm will have nothing to do with this post-Hitler breed of motor car, unless it is a single-seater racer, and then it is required to have its motive power in its nose – God, how complicated it's all become. Reluctantly, many years ago, it accepted cars made up to 1940, but only those it deems to be decent extensions of the vintage-type jobs. The result is a cumbersome (but in my humble opinion necessary) list of acceptables, referred to by the dreadful title of 'post-vintage thoroughbreds', the cause of endless strife and controversy.

Yet, the purists say, cars wear out and go bang. So many of those masquerading as vintage or post-vintage (or early post-war) have been so often repaired and rebuilt, using bogus parts, parts made last year or this year when supplies of original spares ran out, that the thing has become a bit of a nonsense. Why not, for heaven's sake, just buy a replica made of modern bits and bobs, in which to have fun without anxiety? Why not, indeed? I'll tell you why not! As an hon. life member of the Vintage Sports Car Club and an avid believer in motoring history, it must be vintage or modern, with no compromises.

Reason one: because if convincing replicas get out and about you won't be able to distinguish those cheap kitchen chairs from genuine Chippendale. A weak point? Alright.

Reason two: why should the chap (or chapess) who wants to cut a dash, be looked at, look exclusive, inhale God's free fresh air, and go about burbling from his (or her) exhaust, eschew the hardships that are, or should be, part of the fun of running a vintage car? Do it the easy way, in fact? Vintage Alfa Romeo replicas were once made, using a current Alfa power unit that would start on the button, run without a plug change, never give a moment's trouble. The car was on tyres of the same period, that would never puncture in a million miles and held the road like glue. And so on. There should be decent allegiance to history and achievement, surely? A famous race-winning car has an allure beyond that of a similar car that hasn't any history in its wake.

Which is why I am not an advocate of motoring Vermeers. Granted, a genuine oldster may have been so frequently rebuilt by its proud owner(s) that, like the proverbial shovel, there won't be much that is original about it. Accept, as I do, that if an old, interesting chassis has been dragged out of the bushes *sans* coachwork, it is permissible to tack onto it a replica body. But if such tricks and rising prices turn your face against the old car movement I wouldn't be surprised.

You then have two courses open to you – buy new, Lotus 7, MG Midget 1500, Spitfire, and to hell with vintagery, or vintage style pleasures. Or invest in a mock-ancient, a modern-components' replica. Quite the most appealing are those of Panther West Winds Ltd., of Byfleet close to the old Brooklands motor course.

Bob Jankel, son-in-law of band-leader Joe Loss, made his mark with the Panther J72, a creation that looked like a pre-war open two-seater SS100 but, he insisted, was not really intended, as some replicas are, to model any particular previous car, not even an SS100. He then made a Panther Ferrari FF, again waving aside any suggestion that it was intended to be mistaken for a real Ferrari 125S. Anyway, the engine was genuine Modena – a 330GTC; whereas a post-war 3.8 Jaguar engine powered the J72. Then came the breath-taking idea of dropping a V12 Jaguar engine into his SS-like metalworks.

Next, Jankel came up with his Panther De Ville, which may be how those who have never seen one imagine a Bugatti Royale to look. It reminds me more of a 5-litre Bugatti saloon, as seen in an uncomfortable nightmare. In 1974 this, too, used a Jaguar V12 engine but is now available with the lesser Jaguar in-line six. But as the J72, now with 4.2 Jag-litres beneath the bonnet, costs you £13,999, and to De Ville you have to give Jankel around £30,000, these old-new cars will presumably remain wishful thinking for most of us. He now seems to be moving away from the assumed nostalgic, for his limited range Rio model is based on the Triumph Dolomite and actually looks like a 1970s saloon, while the Lima – a twin-seater sports convertible – takes general availability even further by incorporating Vauxhall's 2.3 litre big car engine, with an unlimited range of high performance equipment obtainable from Vauxhall sports part dealers. That little number will set you back £4,498.65p.

But if the Panther range resurrects the look of classic motoring, it remains firmly up to date with all the extras. The De Ville's standard specification boasts air conditioning, four speaker stereo system, power-assisted steering and electrically operated windows. Options add an electric sliding roof, telephone, television and cocktail cabinet, while choice of colours for paintwork and leather is unlimited. The convertible version offers a folding soft top in, would you believe, mohair.

Needless, to say they're not my cup of motor oil, but if you do hanker after thirties-type motoring style, without the inconvenience that made it characterful and memorable for many of us, then I'm sure – with the aid of a mortgage or two – Mr Jankel's motors will oblige.

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MICHELE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

It's for no small reason that John Lennon and Paul McCartney chose the name Michele as the title of one of their most beautifully melodic and popular tunes. Whether you're from the South of France, the United States, or, indeed, the East End of London, the chances are you'll agree that the name is synonymous with a girl who is both warm and sexy and yet who is also so elusive to most of us. As recompense we present, *Michele notre belle.*

As one emerges from darkest Brixton along the A23 and into the glittering neon lights of Streatham, you pass not a mile or two from the residence of one Michele Graham, a 20-year-old blonde of statuesque beauty. Of course, should you decide to enjoy a quiet tipple or two in those parts, then the chances are quite high that you will catch a glimpse of Michele's well-rounded 35–25–35 figure through the smoky haze and a throng of fellow admirers at one of the local pubs. 'Oh good grief,' she laughs, 'it's never as bad as all that, although to be quite truthful men do tend to be attracted to me. Not that I lead them on mind you, it's just that probably after a drink or two, men tend to

be more relaxed, open and leery, if you know what I mean. It doesn't bother me at all – my boyfriend is always close at hand and I've got other friends there if anyone gets too obnoxious. And, besides, I don't go to the pub *every* night. There are other things in life. Like the pictures or going into town to see a play. As you can gather, I'm not the stay-at-home type. I hate staying in and doing housework – I tend to leave things till they *need* doing and then do them. I couldn't stand being a fussy sort and always be out with the duster. And I hate cooking. Actually Streatham is very well-served as far as that goes. There are so many places to eat around here that it is

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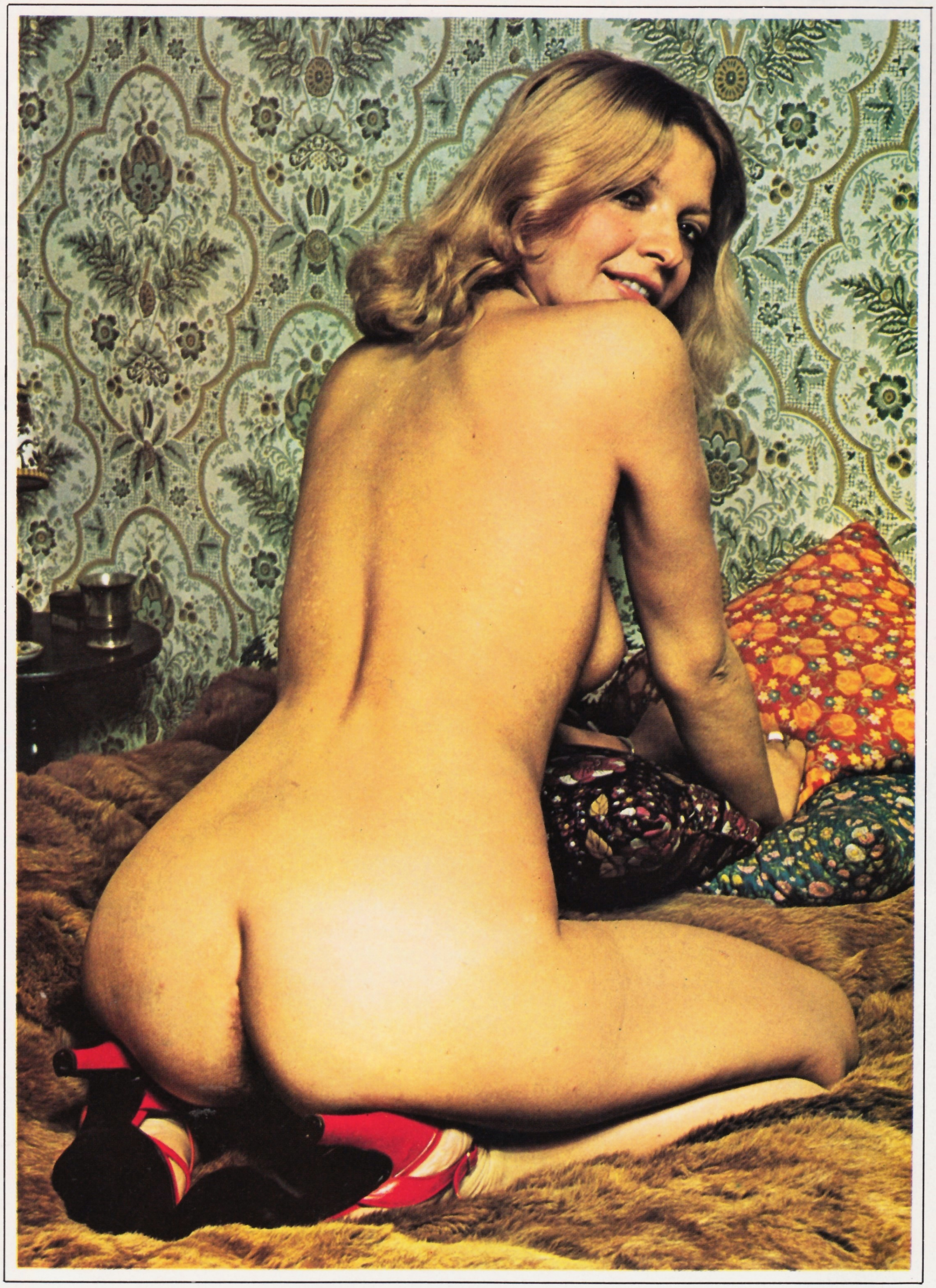

difficult to get round to them all. In fact the local council has refused any more licences as they say there are too many restaurants here as it is. My favourite is the Il Caretto in Streatham High Street . . . it's always full of trendies and the food is very good and reasonably priced.' By day Michele pounds the typewriter keys as a secretary to earn her crust. 'I dislike temping. The only good thing about it is that it is quite well paid and you get to meet lots of people. Corny isn't it? I mean you'll think that I'm a proper little flirt won't you? Well, it's only the men you notice, really, but you're rarely in one place for more than a week at a time so it's very difficult to form a relationship in that space of time. It would be fine for one night stands, but I'm not that sort of girl. But when I've a man, I'm his in every way.'

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St Nazaire

continued from page 50

steaming up in two columns to put their commandos ashore. Those in the port flotilla were expected to disembark their troops at a finger-shaped jetty, some 500 yards short of the Normandie Dock, called the Old Mole, while the starboard column were to effect landings at the Old Entrance, a wharf immediately adjacent to but slightly downriver from the great dock itself. It was to leave a clear passage for these latter boats that Beattie had put 20 degrees of port helm on before ramming the caisson so that his stern would swing out to starboard on impact.

It was this part of the operation which went badly awry. Motor launches were not craft capable of taking a bad beating and all of them sailed in under close, heavy and accurate fire. In the port column, the first vessel was so badly damaged on approach that she was put out of action, the second ran aground, was set on fire and abandoned with the loss of most of her crew and nearly all of her commandos. The third boat was the only one to actually reach the Old Mole and put her troops ashore while the remaining three encountered such stiff opposition that all of them, damaged and suffering casualties, withdrew without putting troops ashore.

The starboard column fared quite as badly. At the Old Entrance, the Germans had the area well covered with defensive fire and out of six launches which made the approach, two withdrew under heavy fire without getting anyone on to the jetty and the other four were all destroyed – sunk, abandoned, on fire or blown up. Only one boat managed to get any troops ashore and most of those were quickly eliminated by a savage hail of small arms fire from the defenders.

It was time to get out. Ryder told Wynn to load up the MTB with as many survivors and wounded as possible and to head for the open sea. For once all the engines were working at the same time and MTB 74 charged downriver at 40 knots, covering six miles in nine minutes. At that speed she was a poor target for the German gunners but then she stopped to pick up two more survivors from a Carley float and within minutes became a blazing wreck as the enemy found the range. Over 30 men crowded into a rubber raft but in the freezing night conditions only three of them survived, one of them the badly wounded Wynn whose left eye was hanging from its socket. Well out to sea, they were picked up by a German gunboat the following afternoon.

Back at the Old Entrance, Ryder surveyed the downstream scene with growing apprehension. The river was littered with burning or abandoned launches and great patches of water were lit eerily with flaming pools of escaped petrol from ruptured fuel tanks. There was no question of evacuating those commandoes who had got ashore – there were no vessels left in which to take them. He went to the assistance of two launches in midstream and Able Seaman Savage, still manning his pom-pom, put a stream of shells straight through the slits of a concrete pillbox to silence the enemy gunners, but too late – both the launches blew up. Sadly, Ryder ordered the helm put over and they headed out to sea; on the way a stray shell splinter killed Able Seaman Savage in his exposed position on the foredeck. He was later awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross.

Only three motor launches made it back to England. Among the unluckiest of those who failed to return was ML 306 commanded by Lieut Henderson who had failed to get his troops ashore and had withdrawn. A little before dawn he had the misfortune to be spotted by a German destroyer, the *Jaguar*, one of the flotilla formerly berthed in St Nazaire but now out on patrol. A short and bloody action ensued with the little launch being mercilessly swept by the destroyer's superior armament. Sergeant Durrant of the Royal Engineers manned the twin Lewis mounting on the launch and returned the fire with such effect that the destroyer had to haul off and engage at a greater distance. Durrant, wounded in the head, chest, stomach and both arms and legs, kept up his fire until he died, sliding down in an untidy heap below the Lewis guns. He, too, was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross, the first soldier ever to win one in a naval action and probably the only one to get it on the recommendation of an enemy officer. (German intelligence officers later told Newman of this incident and their report formed the basis of the citation.)

A few of them got back with the help of *Atherstone* and *Tynedale* who were cruising about off the coast waiting to escort homeward bound boats. They included Ryder, although the MTB in which he was travelling, holed like a colander, had to be abandoned and scuttled together with two motor launches which were so badly damaged that they were slowing down the convoy.

And stranded ashore in St Nazaire were Lieut-Colonel Newman and his surviving commandos. All of them save five, who made their way home by devious routes, finished up in German prison camps.

Among those scooped up by the Germans was Lieut-Commander Beattie who had the satisfaction of being told by an Intelligence interrogator that the British obviously had no idea of the strength of the lock gates if they thought that they could be seriously damaged by impact from such a flimsy vessel as a destroyer – this just at the moment when the windows were blown in as the charge in the *Campbeltown* detonated and a small tidal wave slapped the caisson gates aside and carried the sunken destroyer halfway up the dock. The explosion killed a large but unidentifiable number of Germans – somewhere between 100 and 400 – who were in and around the ship at the time. Later Wynn's torpedoes exploded causing even further damage.

In the achievement of its principal aim the raid was triumphantly successful. The Normandie Dock was out of action for the rest of the war and the *Tirpitz* never did get out into the Atlantic. In recognition of this valorous achievement well-deserved decorations were awarded on a liberal scale. Among these it is appropriate to mention that the Victoria Cross 'for conspicuous gallantry' was awarded to Ryder, to Newman and to Beattie apart from the posthumous citations already mentioned.

But one of the most important effects of the raid was a boost to the morale of the defeated French. As the Mayor of St Nazaire told some of the survivors at a post war reunion: 'You were the first to give us hope.'

The destroyer Campbeltown just after ramming the gates of St Nazaire's Normandie dock.

'Must be worth a fortune,' declared Brendan fondly slapping the great bed. But all Carol could see was the buttocks that had pounded with passionate ardour against the steadily wilting mattress in the years before they met

BRENDAN AND THE BIG BRASS BED

a Carol and Brendan story

By D. Gregory Lyons

'Nnnnmmm . . .' murmured Brendan as he disengaged, slithered his chest down the curve of Carol's back, kissed her bottom in passing, and flopped indecorously on the mattress. The bed springs twanged.

Carol, still on all fours, regarded him circumspectly over one shoulder. 'Nnnnmmm?' she enquired.

'Nnnnmmm . . .' Brendan elucidated drowsily, 'means nice.'

'Oh,' said Carol, and promptly collapsed on her stomach. The bed frame screeched out in anguish as the interior springing sang a brief, mournful ditty. She frowned. 'That's the third time . . .'

Brendan paused in his manful efforts to tug up the bedclothes. 'Never . . .' he mumbled. 'Not after a hard day's work . . .'

Carol ignored him. She wore an expression of alert concentration as she wriggled her hips experimentally. An ominous creaking emanated from below them.

Brendan struggled onto one elbow, watched the rounded fullness of her relaxed buttocks shimmy from side to side and then tremble into stillness. He sighed. 'Do that again.'

Carol's brow remained set.

"Right . . ." She shimmied.

The creaking duly emanated.

Brendan frowned. 'You're getting arthritis.'

'Arth – ?' Carol's head snapped up from the pillow. 'What are you talking about?'

'That noise.' Brendan looked seriously concerned. 'Every time you – '

Carol peered. 'The bed Brendan . . .'

'If you don't keep moving you'll seize up.'

'Will I?'

'Completely.'

'Really?' She eyed him, heaved herself into a press-up, and then crashed down. The bed sobbed, twanged, and squeaked.

'Holy cow!' Brendan shot into wakefulness. 'That's never in Pears Medical!'

Carol nodded sourly. 'It's the bed, Brendan.'

'The what?'

'The bed – B E D – bed.' She searched his expression for some signal of meaningful communication, found there was none.

'Nonsense . . .' he muttered.

Carol heaved a sigh. She should have known better. For Brendan their bed was no ordinary bed: it was a token of success in love and pecuniary management.

She had been regaled with the story of the bed on first encountering it. A grotesque amalgamation of cast iron and brass, she had commented on its glowing, polished knobs by way of a casual aside. Brendan, unexpectedly, had paused in unclipping her bra strap and launched out on its history. That had been three years ago, ever since Carol and Brendan had launched themselves into wholly unwedlock. The saga had been monotonously repeated at two week intervals ever since – usually sparked off by Carol's muttered grumblings at having to polish the damn thing yet again. There was something else too. Just a chance, Carol told herself, that Brendan had dallied with others on this brass monstrosity *since* their meeting. Not that he wouldn't have said. The whole point of their relationship was its openness – open enough for either to grab the opportunity of spare if it reared its head. Just as long as they were honest enough to admit it.

'Nonsense,' repeated Brendan. 'It'll be the floorboards or something.'

Carol shook her head. 'It's the bed.'

Brendan sniffed. 'This bed, Carol, is as good as the day it was made.'

Inwardly she groaned. He'd started. If she kept quiet he'd get it over with.

'This bed – ' he slapped the flat of his hand down on the mattress and ignored the sharp, grating squeak that resulted '– is unique. Well, almost unique. I bought it for a snip five years ago, just before the Victoriana explosion. Must be worth a fortune now. Solid – ' He slapped again, a little more gently, as though a hint of uncertainty had crept in ' – functional and – ' He cast a loving eye over the grotesquerie of the head panels ' – beautiful.'

There was silence. Carol had slipped into an abstracted reverie concerning the two years before she had met the bed. It was her usual self-defence against the boredom of Brendan's oft repeated history.

She would let her mind slide into a mental catalogue of all the bodies the bed must have seen, all the buttocks that must have pounded with passionate ardour against its steadily wilting mattress and base, all the ex-girlfriends that Brendan had vaguely mentioned over the past three years.

'Well?' queried Brendan.

Carol surfaced. 'You've finished?'

Brendan snorted.

Carol said nothing, simply shimmied energetically. The entire construction groaned, shivered and spronged beneath them. Then she was still. 'It's the bed,' she announced definitively.

Brendan's expression was one of total outrage. His pride and joy had been derogated. He sat up sharply. 'Total nonsense!'

Carol listened to the bed's resonating reply. 'Is it?'

'Yes,' said Brendan grumpily, 'and I'll prove it – ' He bounced. The bed cried out for mercy, shook, and resumed its former stability.

'See?'

'Yes, Brendan but – '

He bounced again.

'No!' shrieked Carol, fingernails digging into the mattress in a stricken search for stability. 'No!'

The ping of tortured metal work echoed and died in the bedroom. The entire bedstead swayed drunkenly. There was a sharp, painful snapping sound. Carol could just hear the springs thrumming in aching discontent. Then silence. Gleaming dully with its polished brass and rubbed ironwork, the bed continued to stand in grand pre-eminence, a crowning glory to any bedroom. 'See?' crowed Brendan triumphantly.

Carol gritted her teeth. 'Don't – do – that – again . . .'

'Bed!' huffed Brendan, pulling up the blankets and making himself comfortable.

BRENDAN
B

'All in the mind, that's what it is. Got to expect a twang or two from an eighty-year-old bed. Honestly – ' he thumped the pillow into a sympathetic shape. 'You've got bed on the brain.'

So saying he turned over and the bed collapsed.

It happened in two stages. First the head board chines snapped off. Carol experienced a sensation akin to a short, sharp, head first descent in an ungoverned lift. Her world fell away. The sinking sensation was brief, the crashing arrest horrendous. Side by side they slid down the instantly created thirty degree incline: Carol on her stomach, coming to a halt when her nose jammed itself startlingly against the skirting board. Brendan on his side, piling up against the wall like a reject from a nude stage show.

'It *was* the bed,' breathed a stunned Carol.

'So I gather,' gasped Brendan, too shocked even for sorrow. 'I wonder what – ' Then he stopped short and blanched. In search of explanation he had looked up and beheld, quivering over them, perched impossibly on its two castors, the massive, gatelike construction of the bed head.

'Get down!' screamed Brendan, diving under the blankets like a child in search of the womb.

'What's happening?' yelled a bewildered Carol, automatically drawing up her knees and sticking her butt in the air like a panic-stricken tortoise.

'Bedhead!'

'OOOWWWW!'

It fell.

The impact of the railed bed head on Carol's beautifully curved and taut posterior was instantly transferred via her knees to the mattress and the base springs. There it was equally divided, by virtue of the base frame, to the floor and the foot chines. The foot chines were unequal to the shock. With a further ear-splitting crash, Carol and Brendan resumed a horizontal position but at floor level.

'Oh, heavens . . .' moaned Carol.

'Bloody hell . . .' swore Brendan.

'What next?'

Brendan glanced over his shoulder, aware of an uncomfortable prickling at the back of his neck. 'Foot board – !' he bleated.

The final crash came. Carol flinched. But luck was kind. The footboard, with no wall behind it, had fallen outwards with terrifying force.

Silence reigned. They began to creep from the debris that had been Brendan's pride and joy, his symbol of passionate success and material acumen. Then a rapid, heavy and repeated thumping resounded from the floor. The tenant in the downstairs flat was giving vent to his feelings on his bedroom ceiling.

Brendan, as he painfully extracted himself from the tangle of iron and brass, considered the irate knocking to be in very bad taste. After all, it wasn't as if his bed had collapsed.

* * *

'I'm 'ere to complain,' announced the squashed little man, 'about that bleedin' row last night.'

A tired eyed Brendan viewed the visitor dispassionately. The downstairs tenant was a virtual stranger to him, and had moved in barely a fortnight previous.

'Bed,' said Brendan, by way of explanation.

'What d'you mean?'

'Collapsed.'

The squashed little man, who went by the name of Eddie, regarded the tangled wreckage in the bedroom with amusement that changed to concern. 'Chines gone,' diagnosed Eddie.

'Oh,' said Brendan, vaguely aware that chines were something that supported the base some eighteen inches off the floor. 'Bad is it?'

'Weldin' job,' said Eddie. He sniffed the air, squinted. 'Do it for you for a fiver.'

Brendan's face lit up. His pride and joy was to live again. 'Great!' he enthused, and rushed to the bathroom to bear the good news to Carol.

'It can be fixed!' announced Brendan to her left hip.

Carol ignored him. She was standing on the toilet seat, twisted round to examine her behind in the small mirror over the sink. The subject of her study was a double, vertical bruise where the bed head had struck.

'I said it can be fixed,' repeated Brendan.

Carol's hands performed a soothing massage. 'Witch hazel Brendan.'

He passed her the bottle. 'Carol, I –'

'Cotton wool,' directed Carol.

He handed her the cotton wool. 'Didn't you – ?'

'Yes,' said Carol, applying the soothing lotion with an expression of masochistic enjoyment. 'I heard – and I'd rather prefer that it wasn't.'

Brendan was stunned. 'Not fixed?' He couldn't believe his ears. 'That unique bedstead – you'd rather it wasn't fixed?'

'Precisely,' said Carol, smiling sweetly and stepping down from the toilet seat to pull up her knickers. 'Precisely.' Her face darkened. 'It's like sleeping in a monstrous mousetrap!'

Brendan was speechless.

* * *

'Worn out?' Steve scratched his ear. 'Never heard of a bed being worn out.'

Brendan stabbed at the table with his finger. 'It's worn out, I tell you. I need a replacement – but it must have character.'

Steve sighed, and tried to look thoughtful. 'Well, I can flog you one for fifty.'

Brendan was horrified. 'Fifty?'

'Special, mind.'

'Bloody gold-plated at that price!'

'Water.'

'What?'

'Water,' affirmed Steve. 'A water bed.'

Brendan scratched his nose. 'Would you consider hire?'

Steve paused. 'By the week?'

'Until,' considered Brendan, 'I can persuade Carol to let me get the worn out one mended.'

Steve coughed. 'Twenty-five pence a week.'

'Done,' asserted Brendan. Then he paused. 'What's wrong with it?'

Steve pulled a face. 'Helen has an inordinate fear of drowning.'

NYLON
fieldvole

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

No. 4 Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Katies are tomboys, and sexually bold.
Dare them to do it; they're immediately sold.
Whether full mature matrons or young things in their teens
Each one is drawn to a bulge in your jeans.

Katies are clever at undoing zips,
And mind-blowing business with wet eager lips.
When all is revealed how proudly you're sexed
No prizes for guessing what Katies do next . . .

Brendan and the Big Brass Bed

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Brendan sympathised profusely. Steve was obviously a fellow sufferer in the rejected bedstead fraternity.

Carol greeted the contraption's arrival with hostile suspicion.

'It'll be like sloshing about in a boat.'

As Brendan unreeled the hosepipe he shook his head. 'You fill the mattress right up with water so that it's firm and resilient. Gentle undulations only – Steve told me.'

'It'll get smelly; all that stagnant water.'

Brendan clipped the hose fitting to the bath tap with firm resolve. 'The mattress envelope is light tight and air tight, therefore no algae. No algae, no smell.'

'Cold?' suggested Carol.

'Ah!' said Brendan with more than a hint of triumph. 'I've just put the frame together. It contains a heater. Steve says it's better than an electric blanket.

'I still don't like it,' muttered Carol, following Brendan into the bedroom. 'It's fraught with disaster – absolutely fraught with it.'

Long suffering stamped on his face, Brendan inserted the hose into the rubber envelope that would become the mattress. 'It's people like you,' growled Brendan, 'who hold up the march of progress.'

'And that coming from an afficionado of man-eating Victorian bedsteads is quite something.'

Brendan departed for the bathroom and turned on the tap.

By the evening the bed was prepared. Enormous, squat, it sat in the corner of the room like a huge black blancmange. Everything had gone perfectly. The heaters had coaxed it to an equable temperature, the envelope, as Brendan had predicted, was firm yet pleasantly resilient. There wasn't even the slightest hint of odour.

It was when they were putting on the bottom sheet that Carol noticed the fly in the ointment. 'What's that?' She pointed.

Brendan narrowed his eyes. 'What?'

'That – that little round thing – like a puncture repair!'

The flaw was a tiny half inch disk in the centre of the bed. Brendan tossed her complaint aside.. 'It's all right. Steve told me. Helen stuck a pair of scissors through it. Special glue, special patch – it's quite safe.'

'I don't believe you.'

Brendan looked skywards. 'If I tell you it's been action-tested?'

'By Steve?'

'Steve and Helen.'

'Before or after Helen developed this inordinate fear of drowning?'

'Before, of course,' muttered Brendan.

Carol considered the patch doubtfully. Then timorously she began to get undressed. At her bra and pants she hesitated.

'Brendan . . . I've suddenly developed an inordinate fear of drowning,' she said.

'Nonsense,' said Brendan, unclipping her bra strap.

Carol looked at him nervously. 'Last time you said nonsense,' she pointed out, 'the bed collapsed.'

'Nonsense,' said Brendan tugging down her knickers for her.

'Please,' she said faintly, as he pushed her towards the bed, 'please can I have a pair of water wings?'

The bed received them as a caring woman receives her lover: gently, firmly, resiliently.

'Ooooh . . .' murmured Carol, pleasantly surprised. 'Ooooh . . .'

'See?' uttered Brendan smugly as a gentle ripple passed across the bed. 'Told you so.'

'Yummmy,' said Carol.

'Mmmmmm,' enthused Brendan.

'Sexy . . .' cooed Carol.

Brendan made a gentle pass at her right breast. The nipple sprang to attention. Quite suddenly he felt terribly sorry for people who had an inordinate fear of drowning.

The bed made no sound at all. Not a squeak, not a rattle, not even the steady, barely audible creak, creak, creak that Brendan had long since come to associate exclusively with the slaking of unbridled passion. It simply did its bit. As Brendan came down the envelope, obligingly, thrust a moaning Carol up. It was twice the pleasure for half the work. With half-closed eyes he settled to a steady, rewarding rhythm, while beneath him Carol whispered her enjoyment in his ear. Vaguely he began to wonder if there was an accepted record for non-stop copulation.

'Oh Brendan . . . I was wrong . . .' moaned Carol. 'It's a lovely bed . . .'

'Mmmm,' said Brendan.

'Lovely . . .'

'Lovely . . .'

'Beee-ooo-tee-ful!' She gasped and coiled her legs over his hips. The ripple caused by the movement travelled the length of the bed and back. 'Nnnnnmmmm . . .'

'Nnnnmmmm?' queried Brendan.

'Means – nice – ah!' She drew in her breath sharply. 'Harder!'

'Harder?'

'Harder!' squeaked Carol desperately.

SHAKE IT AT THE DANCE TONIGHT
MADDOCKS

Brendan stepped on the gas. 'More!'

Brendan strove. 'Faster!'

Brendan redoubled his efforts.

'Keep – going – ' sobbed Carol ecstatically. Their stomachs were slapping together to the rhythm of Ravel's *Bolero*. Brendan was astounded. He'd never known anything like it. Steve's water bed was multiplying the rate of thrust.

'Ah-uh!' gurgled Carol, 'Ah-uh! Ah-uh! AH-UH! AH-UH! AH – *EEEEEEEKKK*!'

Disaster had struck.

Brendan shot back, propelled by the massive thrust of Carol's hips.

'JESUS CHRIST!' she screamed, bicycling like mad. 'DO SOMETHING!'

Brendan gawped. Carol threshed. Fine droplets of water were showering round the room. Then with one mighty, desperate effort, Carol ejected herself from the water bed to stand panting and goggle-eyed in the middle of the bedroom. Water dripped steadily from her buttocks and ran in thin rivulets down her thighs. Her pubic hair, glistening in the lamplight, showed signs of a heavy dew.

'That thing . . .' gritted Carol, totally oblivious to Brendan's anxious glance at his clothing that was being energetically employed as a towel, 'that thing is nothing more or less than a bloody great bidet.'

Hesitantly, Brendan approached the bed, and leant his weight on the edge of the mattress. From the centre of the envelope, just where the patch had looked so innocuous, a fountain of water shot up savagely. As he moved back, the jet died and soaked into the sheet. He considered the phenomenon. 'I'll never say nonsense again . . .'

'Just pass over the talcum powder,' said Carol icily.

Brendan was nursing his soggy jumper while they both sat crosslegged on the hearthrug before the gas fire, drowning their sorrows in a bottle of Scotch.

'It'll shrink,' he muttered. 'Should be dry cleaned.'

'I'm sorry,' sympathised Carol. 'Just the first thing in an emergency,'

'Never have happened if Eddie'd fixed my Victorian masterpiece.'

'True,' acknowledged Carol.

'I loved that bed . . .' mumbled Brendan into his Scotch glass. As usual the alcohol was causing nostalgia to ooze from his pores. 'Loved it I did – beautiful, brass knobbed, black iron . . . '

'Endless hours of polishing the frigging thing . . .' Carol was taking the practical approach.

'It – it communicated.'

'Oh yes,' Carol nodded in agreement, 'positively organic. Eventually it hit you.'

'Judy, Rachel, Kate . . .'

Carol's ears pricked up.

'Many's the girl who's given her all to the chorus of those antique springs.' Brendan peered blearily into the middle distance.

'Kate?'

'Kate . . .' Brendan came back to earth. 'Barney's Kate. Mine . . . once upon a time. Lovely bottom . . . two stars.'

'Oh really?' Carol peered narrow-eyed over

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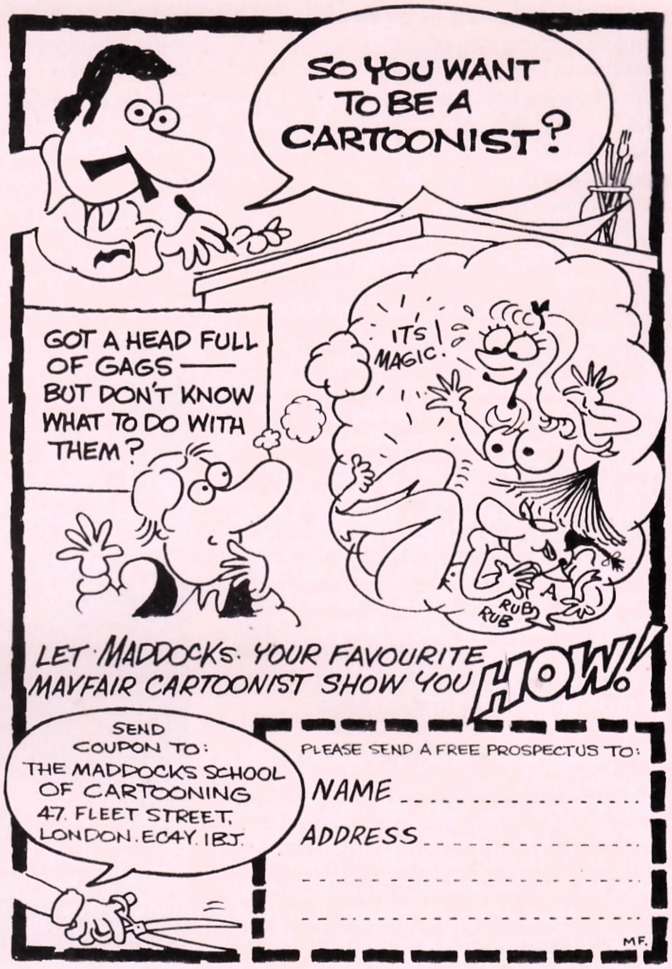
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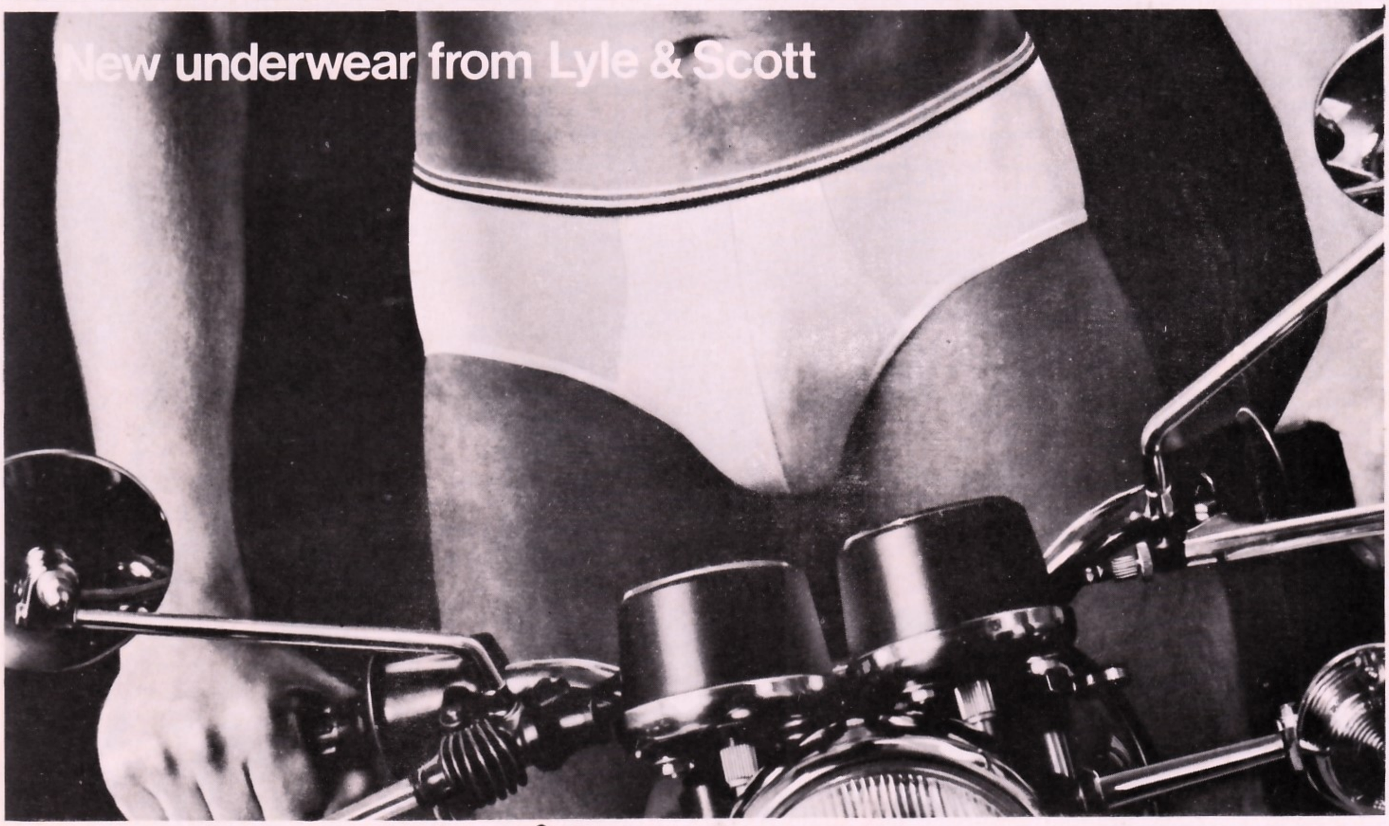
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AMU 60

Brendan and the Big Brass Bed

continued from page 80

the rim of her glass. 'And what about Judy?'
'Tiny breasts, big nipples, one star – and a half.'
'And Rachel?'
'Big breasts, tiny nipples, one star – and three quarters.'
'And Carol?'
'Lovely bottom, big breasts, big nipples, three stars.'
'Christ,' mused Carol, 'do you catalogue everyone like this?'
'Only the memorable ones,' slurred Brendan, 'and you've got three stars. More than – ' Swaying slightly he leant forward to kiss her. 'More than anyone else.' Then he fell flat on his face.
She covered him with the rug, stuck her finger in her mouth, and thought. Maybe, maybe not. But first there was a problem. In the bedroom squatted a huge black blancmange, a bidet of gargantuan proportions. There was one thing Brendan hadn't worked out – how to empy it. For the next half hour she pondered the problem of sixty gallons of wrapped up water.

* * *

'It's gone!' wailed Brendan. 'My beautiful bedstead – it's gone!'
Like a greyhound from the trap, Brendan shot from the bedroom. Risen at midday from an inebriated sleep on the living room floor he had set out on a mini-pilgrimage to his pride and joy which had been propped against the bedroom wall. Now it had vanished – as had the water bed. The room was empty but for a dressing table and wardrobe. Set on instant revenge he fled to the bathroom and the sound of voices.
'It's gone!' yelled Brendan. 'What have you – ' He bounced off Steve and sat heavily on the toilet.
Steve recovered, coughed, and resumed his fight with a large rubber envelope.
'Lost something?' asked Carol.
'What's he doing here?' Brendan prickled with suspicion.
'Siphoning,' said Steve.
'Draining off the water bed,' supplied Carol.
'Oh yes?' Brendan fixed her with a steely glance. 'And my bit of history, my cast iron and brass lump of nostalgia?'
Carol pursed her lips. 'Ah yes . . . well . . .'
'What have you . . .'
Steve coughed. 'Pretty good scrap metal merchant down the road.'
The blood drained from Brendan's face. He clutched at the toilet handle. It flushed dramatically. 'Scrap . . . metal . . .' Pale with shock he turned to Carol. 'You couldn't . . . you just . . . I know you got bruised . . . I know it collapsed . . . but . . .'
The shrill ring of the doorbell cut across Brendan's horrified, halting monotone.
'The doorbell,' said Steve unnecessarily.
'Sounds like it,' said Carol.
His upper lip held rigid against emotion, Brendan rose imperiously from the toilet. 'It's people like you who cost the Venus de Milo her arms.' The bathroom door slammed behind him.
'Job done,' said Eddie matter of factly. 'You owe me a fiver.'
A puzzled Brendan stood at the flat door. 'What job?'
'Bed job. Your missus asked me to do it.'
'Missus?'
'Yus.'
'You mean Carol?'
'Yus.'
'Bed job?'
Yus.' Eddie sniffed. 'Downstairs. Need a hand up with it.'
Sunlight streamed into Brendan's world.
That night they lay in the glory of Brendan's pride and joy. Over their heads the brass knobs gleamed in the light from the bedside lamp. Brendan gazed up at them.
'Why?'
Tantalising, Carol ran her fingernails down his shoulder. 'Just because . . .'
'And Judy, and Rachel and Kate . . . You don't mind that they, well, here . . .'
Carol pondered this for a moment. 'You know Brendan, if you hadn't met Judy, Rachel and Kate . . . if you hadn't slept with them . . . you wouldn't be the Brendan I'm living with now.'
Brendan studied the reflections on the brass knobs. 'Never thought of it that way.'
'And anyway – I've got three stars.' She joined him in contemplation of the reflections. 'Just one thing.'
Brendan frowned. 'What's that?'
'Can we take turns with the metal polish?'

TODAY'S PEOPLE GET·M·ON
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Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37–24–36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-blowing bottom. Boob-fanciers too will find much to admire as her office misadventures leave Mandy deliciously bare. Magnificent Mandy is available in clear, large-image Super 8mm format and can be yours to enjoy again and again for only £7.75 fully inclusive of all postage and packing, which can't be too bad for a film which, judging from your comments so far, seems destined to become a landmark in arousing home entertainment. Get your order off now and you'll soon be enjoying Mandy at her randiest.

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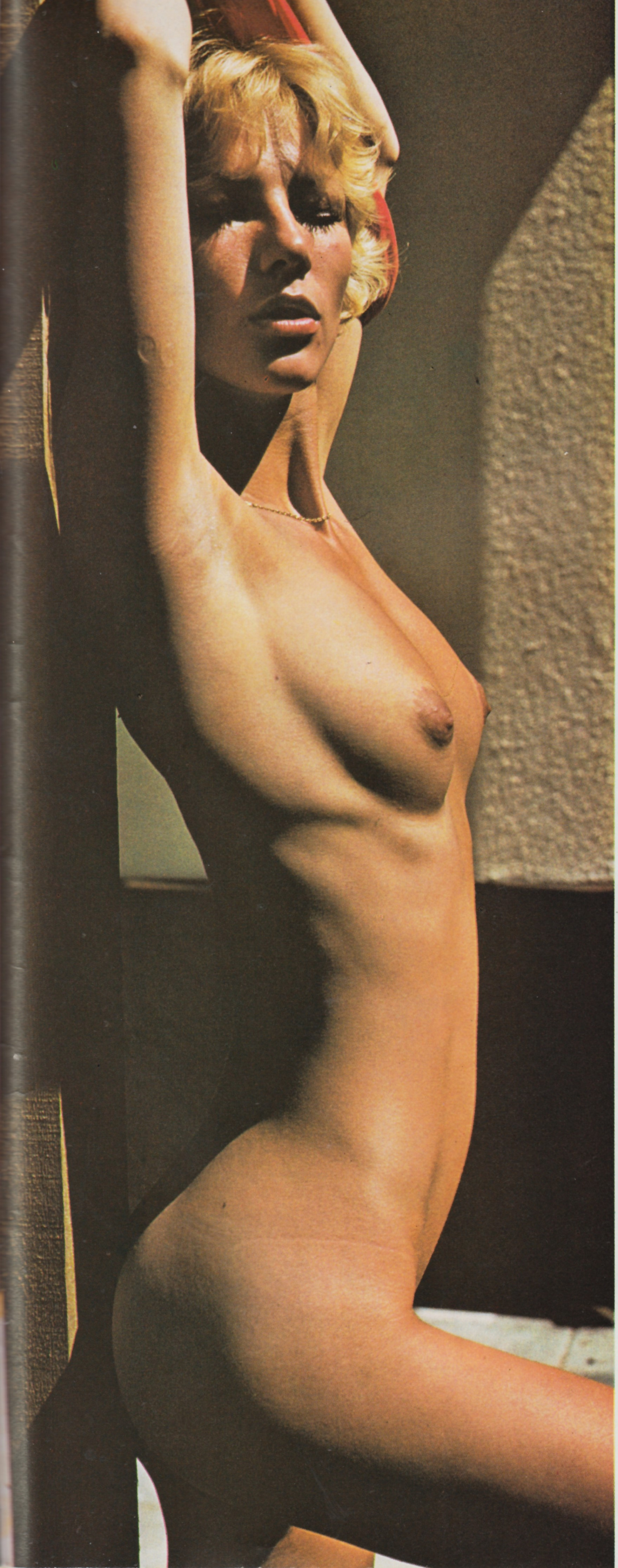
SUSAN

Much as it hurts us to tell you this, by the time you view these photographs of 21-year-old Susan Kydd, she'll have left England and will be working as an au-pair in West Germany. 'In Bonn to be exact,' confirms Susan. 'I'll be working for a diplomat and his family. I'd better not mention any names in case he gets a bit put out to discover that the demure young lady doing his housework is in fact a bit of a nude raver underneath her pinny. All I'll tell you by way of a clue is that he isn't English and that I speak fluent French and German and passable Italian.' She laughs. 'You can draw your own conclusions from that!' Susan's own multi-linguistic capabilities stem from the fact that she was educated in Switzerland and



before taking up her au-pair job, worked for an international oil company in Paris. 'You might think that being an au-pair is a bit of a come-down,' she smiles, 'and the job certainly carries a lot less money and glamour, but although I was offered a transfer to one of the oil company's German offices, I thought it would be quite fun to do something completely different. It's by no means a long-term thing, I've agreed to work just for six months initially, and I will get a lot more free time and variety than had I worked in a regular nine-to-five job. Besides, the diplomat and his wife are both charming people and on the couple of occasions that I've met them, I've been treated more like one

of the family as opposed to an employee. I'm really looking forward to it all.' The loss of Susan's 36–24–36 to our Common Market colleagues will be most keenly felt in her home-town of Winchester in Hampshire. 'I've lived here all my life,' says Susan, 'and although I've never really been around long enough to put down roots or feel a wrench when leaving, it's rather nice and comforting to know that I do have a base; somewhere I can call home. I've never seriously dated any of the local men which is a bit of a pity as some of them seem awfully nice. The majority of my boyfriends do seem to be abroad, and yes, as far as my own personal experience goes, they are just that degree smoother, more confident and well-mannered than their counterparts here. Before you get shoals of letters from your readers though, I must stress that I'm no expert and its a personal observation only! Susan will be home for a holiday in July. Winchester men – stand ready!

DOCTOR PROVES ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

How many of us are truly honest with our partner or with ourselves over our sexual predilections? Our interviewers have discovered some fascinating cases where a man or woman has invented or accepted an excuse factor in order to get some special satisfaction out of sex. It poses the thought that we may deceive to get the best from sex.

INTRODUCTION

Despite the philosophy of the sexually adventurous that virtually 'anything goes' between consenting partners, most of us find that a degree of hesitation can still surround practices which have a touch of eccentricity about them.

In order to overcome these guilt feelings, elaborate rituals are often conceived which, to the initiator, provide the necessary excuse for the sexual activity to take place. Sometimes the partner doesn't even realise it is an excuse factor, or as in one case, a girl may even believe she is following the ritual for her partner's sake – although it is also a fillip to her own sexual pleasure.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Conveyancing assistant, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Exeter.**

This interviewee had worked as a secretary in a number of legal offices before taking up her present job. At the time of the interview she had been living with her boyfriend for two years and she had plans to marry shortly.

Quest: You say sex wasn't particularly satisfactory before you met your present boyfriend?

Assistant: Before Mark? It was alright. I mean, I do need it – I get very ratty if I go without for a long time – but I don't have to have great earth-shaking orgasms; I'm quite happy if it's just gentle and kind. With Nigel it was very ordinary.

Quest: Nigel was the man you lived with before you met Mark?

Assistant: We were together about eighteen months. He was my boss, actually; he took me out to dinner when my engagement was broken off – that was ages ago. It sort of developed from there. But when I look back on it now .I realise that it couldn't have lasted.

Quest: Why not?

Assistant: He was a lot older than me and just divorced and very, very fond of his children – the wife had them – they were always in the background. Obviously I didn't mind him caring, it was nice, but if anything went wrong with them he'd just get up and go, and his wife encouraged that. She wanted him back. And he was so fussy.

Quest: About sex?

Assistant: In everything. I quite admired him in the office; he seemed to just glance at a matter and come up with the one important detail. But he was pernickety at home. I like things to be in reasonable order, but he was very neurotic about the house.

Quest: And in sex?

Assistant: He'd had five children with his wife – the maintenance was crippling. He had this terror of making me pregnant. I didn't go on the pill until the month before we broke up.

Quest: During that time what precautions did you take.

Assistant: Would you believe three condoms? Actually in the end he got hold of these great thick American things – I'm sure they must have been ex-army; they really looked quite funny. He kept saying there were so many reports about rubbers failing – he couldn't afford any more kids and he didn't believe in abortion. Normally it's the woman who worries about things like that. I hated them – I couldn't feel a thing – of him.

Quest: Let me get this right. He actually padded his penis with great layers of rubber to have sex. Didn't he enjoy it any other way?

Assistant: We didn't do it any other way, always with these things on.

Quest: That didn't strike you as being a trifle odd?

Assistant: Oh Nigel was so ordinary; he wouldn't think of anything kinky. You didn't know him. He always insisted it was only to make absolutely sure I didn't get pregnant. Somehow it didn't occur to me it might have been just an excuse for what he liked doing.

Quest: Could be.

Assistant: Actually, I've just remembered something.

Quest: What?

Assistant: When he first brought home those American things, he was very, very randy. We didn't even finish dinner, which was very unlike him.

Quest: Go on.

Assistant: Well, we both liked to talk in bed – I like to feel close in every possible way.

Quest: You mean, talk erotically?

Assistant: Oh not dirtily; it was only joking, really. It just helped the atmosphere, I suppose.

Quest: What did Nigel say then?

Assistant: It was quite funny, for both of us. Nigel was very, very randy, which always turned me on, and he produced this great black contraceptive . . .

Quest: Coloured black?

Assistant: About half of them were like that. They really were obscene. It was so thick he couldn't fit it over his erection which was bigger than normal anyway. We were rolling about on the bed, absolutely naked, killing ourselves with laughter. So I said, 'Let me do it,' but he wouldn't. And I made a grab at him and he nearly fell off the bed; he kept saying, 'No, if you touch it I won't be able to stop myself. No, don't do it.'

Quest: And he did?

Assistant: He sort of displayed himself to me; it *was* like that. It made him look absolutely monstrous – like a policeman's truncheon. And when we started to make love, he kept looking down at it and making me look and saying things like it, 'Isn't it incredible? Doesn't it really stretch you? How does it feel?'

Quest: He made you look?

Assistant: He wasn't forcing me to do anything; it was still a sort of joke. Actually it was quite on-turning, seeing a great black rod like that. I'm beginning to sound like Nigel. I did want to touch it, but when I did it just felt rubbery and nasty somehow. I think it was really his excitement that brought me off, more than anything else. God, I've been living with a rubber fetishist – or a secret flasher! What does that make me?

Quest: It makes you yourself.

Assistant: No, Mark and I play little games – and they were my idea! God, everyone's kinky when you dig a little deeper beneath the surface.

Quest: And just how are you and Mark kinky?

Assistant: I suppose I'm a flasher, though not very secret.

Quest: In what way?

Assistant: It sounds so stupid. Six months after Mark and I moved into our flat I decided it would be a nice idea to have a special dinner at home. I didn't tell Mark until the afternoon before – I rang him at his office and said there'd be a surprise for him at home that night. I left work a bit earlier to get the meal under way – it was duck, I think, but I got the time wrong somehow – I'd never cooked it before, and I didn't get into the shower until about ten minutes before Mark was due to arrive. And of course that day he arrived early. So I ended up welcoming him to a beautifully laid out candle-lit table for two with only my dressing gown on, my knickers and my high heels.

Quest: Was it a deliberate move to dress in high heels?

Assistant: Oh no, at least I don't think so. I just don't have any slippers and I didn't want to flop in to meet him in my bare feet. They just happened to be the handiest shoes to put on.

Quest: Go on.

Assistant: Well I told Mark what it was all for and he was terribly pleased – he wanted to rush out and buy some wine, but I'd even thought of that. And he gave me a great big kiss, and I suppose that was how it started. Somehow the dressing gown I was wearing started to slip off my shoulders and I realised my boobs were starting to show and Mark was beginning to notice. But that second the timer on the cooker went ping and I had to tear myself away. And I heard Mark sigh and grinned to myself; but I couldn't let the dinner spoil after all that. He followed me through into the kitchen and I more or less pushed him out of way, fussing round the various hobs. I caught this terribly disappointed hunger in his look – only for a second – and it really made me feel mischievous. After that I couldn't help myself.

Quest: Doing what?

Assistant: Flashing, I suppose. My dressing gown – which is silk, it was a sale second but it's the dearest thing I own – kept slipping further and further off me, but I pretended not to notice and got very businesslike and serious so Mark couldn't do anything about it; he's usually quite easy to order about, but there's a point when he says, 'Stop' and that's it. I got him preparing the wine, and then whipping up the dessert and putting that in the fridge – *I even had him lift the bird out the oven.* And all the time the dressing gown was slipping further and further off my shoulders, and I knew he wouldn't tell me to put it straight because he couldn't keep his eyes off me, though of course I pretended not to notice that it was coming undone.

Quest: Mark realised it was a game?

Assistant: Oh, of course. I knew if either of us started giggling, or if he just asked me what on earth I was doing, the whole thing would collapse. It was just so beautifully tense. And exciting too, of course. In the kitchen the dressing gown fell right off my shoulders and Mark was just standing, staring at my boobs; in fact he said, 'Are you sure you're warm enough?' Very archly. And I just bustled him out the way and then whipped off the gown and flung it through the door onto the sofa and made some remark about it getting in the way; then I deliberately bent over to fetch something out off the bottom of a cupboard and my knickers must have stretched to bursting. And when I straightened up Mark was grinning at me very lecherously and I could see the faintest sort of tent in the front of his trousers, and he started to say, 'Darling –' But I swept past him, just brushing his trousers – he nearly jumped. I began putting the plates on the table and he wandered through after me I glanced at him quickly and the tent in his trousers was practically a big top!

Quest: Go on.

Assistant: He sidled up behind me, but I wriggled away, smacking his hand and said, 'Come on, Mark; it'll get cold!' And the look on his face was so beautiful; I nearly burst out laughing, but instead I sat down opposite him and he sat down, staring at me absolutely goggle-eyed. And I said, 'Are you hungry?' And he said, without even looking at his plate: 'Absolutely ravenous!' So I said, 'Good, because I've got just one more surprise for you.' And as I said it I lifted my bottom and eased myself out of my knickers – my best, of course – and lifted them off the carpet and handed them across the table to him.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: He burst out laughing and made to get up, but before he could I moved round the table and bent down beside him and said, 'I trust everything's to your satisfaction, sir –' And he said, 'Well, there is one thing,' he began. But before he could finish I knelt down beside him and said, 'It looks to me like you've got some sort of obstruction here; I hope it's not painful. Perhaps I could rub it better – if you don't mind.' And very gently I began to rub my fingers over the mound in his trousers, and Mark gave a long sigh and whispered, 'What a clever girl.' And it felt so large and stiff even through his pants and trousers I was incredibly turned on; up to then I'd only really wanted to turn him on a bit – I remember thinking, 'There goes my duck –' And I whispered, 'Perhaps if I just free it a bit, sir. Give it a bit of air –' And Mark twisted in his chair so that I was kneeling almost between his legs and very gently I unzipped him all the way down and this great bulge of pants *stuck right out; and he gasped as I began* to move the material across to the fly and suddenly he was in the open air – a really smooth hard rod – I think Mark has a beautiful thing; some men are so knobbly and ugly, not that I've seen hundreds.

Quest: And then what happened?

Assistant: His hand touched my head. I felt him trembling, so I whispered, 'Perhaps if I kissed it better . . .' And I took it in my hand – and brought my head down and pressed my lips against the top of it. I could feel his thighs move in little jerks; and very very slowly I let my lips slide over it, then flicked inside with the tip of my tongue and Mark swore – I know he means it when he does that. Then I began to suck very gently, only touching him with one hand and I could hear him panting, gradually getting louder and louder, turning into moans, and giving little jerks with his thighs. And I moved faster then a bit faster until he touched the back of my mouth and then he went wild – it was superb; one minute he was sitting bolt upright, practically shaking, in his chair; the next his hands were all over me, and touching me as much as he could, and he stood up, pulling me up under my arms and hugging me to him. I felt completely helpless, overwhelmed; it was beautiful. And then we were dropping back onto the floor and he was smothering me in kisses, pushing my legs apart, I had no breath, and he was panting like a mad bull – and before I even realised what was happening I was impaled. I remember struggling rather feebly at his trousers, but it didn't make any difference. All I could feel were his clothes rubbing against me quite roughly and his thing inside me – it was all absolutely fantastic – so incredibly urgent and demanding; he was unstoppable. I don't think Mark had ever been as rough as that with me before – my bottom was literally bouncing off the carpet! And then he gave a great groan and came, really fiercely I think – I could feel it, right to the last, and that was so incredibly exciting I came too, and we lay there on the carpet, me stark naked, him fully clothed, just shuddering and holding each other. I don't think I've ever had a better anniversary present.

Quest: Have you done anything like that again? Making love with one of you clothed?

Assistant: Oh lots of times. Admittedly it's usually me prancing around in the altogether and driving Mark to great excesses; but he's done it as well. I remember once I was going to see my mother – on my own – just for the day, and I was going to catch an early train. But Mark came out of the shower – when I was all dressed and ready to go – and wandered around the bedroom starkers, growing the most enormous erection. So I didn't make the early train. There's just something incredibly rude about one partner being all dressed and normal and the other completely naked and obviously bursting to have sex. I know Mark feels it too or we wouldn't do it. Still, I suppose it's better than Mark stuffing his whatsit into a

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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rubber hosepipe, or whatever. Poor old Nigel.

Quest: Thank you very much, it's been a pleasure talking to you,

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Two **Sales demonstrator, 29 years old brunette, single, town of origin Warwick**

This interviewee, a strikingly attractive woman, works as a travelling product demonstrator for a large cosmetic concern; a job that entails a great many overnight stops away from her flat which she owns and in which she lives alone.

Quest: In an average week, how many nights do you reckon to spend 'on the road'?

Demonstrator: Perhaps three or four as a rule.

Quest: After hours on these trips, do you tend to keep yourself to yourself or perhaps spend the time with colleagues or customers?

Demonstrator: I'm not really one of those people who enjoy their own company, so I generally end up having dinner with, or maybe seeing a film with, say, a local area rep or a department head from the store in which I'm demonstrating our products.

Quest: Do these social evenings ever develop sexual undertones?

Demonstrator: Invariably. I suppose I'm fair game after all – a single girl who's just passing through, so to speak, and men seem to be attracted to that.

Quest: So you're not averse to ending up in bed with whoever it is you've spent the evening with?

Demonstrator: I don't leap into bed indiscriminately if that's what you're implying. I have my own rules. No married men and no-one who's much older than me. I'm not really into the sugar-daddy scene. But if I've spent the evening with a man whose company I've enjoyed and who's roughly in my age group, then sure, why not?

Quest: Then it would be accurate to say that sexually speaking you're pretty experienced?

Demonstrator: I don't go counting scalps, but since I lost my virginity ten years ago, and owing to the fact that I enjoy sex, I suppose you could say that I'm hardly naive when it comes to matters of a sexual nature.

Quest: Does this experience play any significant part in your relationships?

Demonstrator: Yes of course it does. If I fancy a man I'll give him little signals and if he doesn't cotton onto those, I'll eventually tell him quite plainly that I fancy him and take it from there.

Quest: And what happens if the man doesn't fancy you?

Demonstrator: I don't want to sound bigheaded, but that state of affairs has never arisen. Quite the opposite in fact. I can think of a couple of men who've been too shy to take the initiative and even one who virtually conned me into taking the lead from first to last.

Quest: How so?

Demonstrator: It was a rather odd state of affairs actually. It wasn't a one night stand but a relationship that continued for quite a while until I came to the conclusion that I was being taken for a bit of a sexual ride. I met this chap, Peter, in the usual way in that he was one of our area reps. I was 27 at the time and he was 24. He was terribly nice-looking in a very clean-cut, boyish sort of way. Normally, a rep will ask me what my plans are after work, but Peter didn't seem particularly inclined to do this. In fact the thought momentarily crossed my mind that he might have been queer which I suppose is very unfair on him. It's just that ninety-nine out of every hundred reps will be gregarious outgoing types, but he was one of the one per cent who seem shy and introverted.

Quest: If Peter didn't ask you out, how did you first get together?

Demonstrator: Oh I didn't say that he didn't ask me out – he just seemed reluctant to. I was on a three day in-store promotion and it was only on the last day that he very diffidently suggested that we have a drink and a meal after work.

Quest: And you agreed to this?

Demonstrator: Yes.

Quest: And did you in fact have sex with him?

Demonstrator: I did, but only after a great deal of persuasion on my part.

Quest: Explain please.

Demonstrator: Initially, it was a very pleasant social evening. We went to a quiet restaurant, had a good meal and chatted. He seemed very easy to talk to. As I said, he was very boyish and sweet and I found myself beginning to fancy him quite strongly. I started to put out the little signals I told you about earlier like leaning across the table to get a bit closer to him. Putting my hand on his arm, and the rest of it. This didn't seem to have a great deal of effect, so in the end I said, 'You know Peter, you're really quite fanciable. I hope your girlfriend wasn't jealous that you took me out tonight!

Quest: What was his reaction?

Demonstrator: Firstly he said that he didn't have a girlfriend and then he said that he fancied me too. I couldn't believe that he didn't have a girlfriend, but he insisted that he didn't and went on to explain that he was very inexperienced as far as girls were concerned. I felt this great wave of . . . I don't know how to describe it really, a sort of cross between compassion and maternalism towards him. I asked him very gently if he'd like to spend the night with me and his face lit up like a schoolboy who's been offered a bag of sweets. He paid the bill and drove me back to his flat where he lived alone fortunately enough. Once inside, he made us some coffee and then sat beside me looking a bit awkward. I wanted to see what he'd do, so I just sat there making small talk and after a while he put a very tentative arm around me and pecked me on the cheek. I couldn't believe that anyone could be that unsure of themselves, but he seemed so genuinely unaware of basic seduction techniques that I didn't have much alternative other than to take the lead. I moved right up next to him and gave him a long and lingering kiss. We necked for a while and I was waiting for him to start touching me. I mean that's what normally happens, isn't it? But he was so *slow*. I don't want to sound disparaging in any way, but it seemed that he didn't have the foggiest idea what to do. I asked him as tactfully as I could whether he was a virgin and he replied that he wasn't, but that his sexual experience had been limited to a couple of girls who had both taken the lead. He asked if I'd mind doing the same and said that he wanted to go to bed with me very much but was afraid in case he did everything all wrong, and he didn't want me to be disappointed.

Quest: What was your reaction?

Demonstrator: He was such a lamb that I did take the lead. I took him into the bedroom and undressed him. While I was doing this I was kissing and fondling him. He was very hard. His cock was as pretty as the rest of him, pale and smooth. I sat him down on the bed and got undressed myself then we lay down on the bed together. Being only a single bed, it was a bit of a squeeze, but a nice squeeze all the same. I got hold of one of his hands and placed it on my breast, rubbing it over my nipple. I've got quite big nipples and they're very sensitive. When they're played with, it starts to sort of trigger everything off down below. While he was rubbing my breasts, I took his other hand and guided it between my legs. I was quite damp by this time and I could feel him shiver as he touched my slit. I asked him to play down there with his fingers and it was beautiful, all light and feathery. Once, accidentlly, he rubbed my clit a bit too hard and I gasped. He was so apologetic. I thought he was going to burst into tears. It was very sweet and tender, not like some of the merchants I've been to bed with. I finally pulled Peter on top of me and guided his cock into me. It was gorgeous. He began to move, very slowly at first, but then getting faster and harder. He came soon afterwards. I didn't have an orgasm, but it didn't really matter at the time. It was impossible not to have been happy at satisfying him.

Quest: And this was the start of the relationship?

Demonstrator: Yes. It went on for several months.

Quest: And he became more experienced?

Demonstrator: No. This was the silly thing. Of course he became a degree more confident, but he could hardly have had less confidence beforehand. He was invariably very loath to take the lead. Whenever he did, we had sex in the missionary position, so if ever I wanted something different, like with me on top or doggy fashion, I had to be the instigator. Same with oral sex. I always had to fellate him before he'd go down on me. It annoyed me from time-to-time, but on the other hand he was such a considerate lover after many of my others that it was a very welcome change in many ways. I once asked him why he didn't take the lead more often and he said it was for fear of being turned down. I mean there's no real answer to that, is there, because sometimes you genuinely don't feel like it. So I continued to make the running—sexually speaking.

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Quest: You told me earlier that the relationship has now ended, so presumably something took place which brought things to a head?

Demonstrator: It did. After about six months, I'd become a bit fed-up with things so I decided to provoke a make-or-break situation, I dressed up in a very demure outfit under which I was wearing some outrageously sexy underwear and no knickers. We went out for dinner and when we got home, we had a quick drink and then I said that I was tired and going to bed. I stood up and took off my dress. All I had on was a tiny quarter-cup bra and black stockings and suspenders. I sat down opposite him with my legs just slightly open so he could get a good look. You could have cut the silence with a knife. He just sat there. I felt terribly flirtatious. I started to play with my nipples trying to get him turned-on enough to jump on me, but he didn't do a thing. I was saying things like 'Come on Peter, I'm all ready, why don't you take me,' but I wasn't actually making any physical advances. It got to the stage where I'd turned myself on to such an extent that I was virtually at the point of totally ignoring him and bringing myself off when he suddenly got up and almost ran from the room. The whole atmosphere evaporated. I felt incredibly stupid and embarrassed and rejected too. I got dressed again and spent the rest of the night in the sitting room. The following day we had a long chat and I told him that it was probably for the best if we ended everything then and there.

Quest: How did he take this?

Demonstrator: In his normal fashion. Quietly. But that *wasn't* the end of it.

Quest: You got back together again?

Demonstrator: No, I haven't seen him for nearly two years. This was something I heard about him. All the reps periodically come to head office for sales meetings and things like that, and during one of these visits, Peter, I heard, had a brief fling with one of the secretaries and told her exactly what he'd told me, the whole big inexperienced number. It immediately became very apparent that I'd been royally conned.

Quest: What conclusions did you draw?

Demonstrator: Well it seems obvious to me that he got his kicks by pretending to be inexperienced so that the girl would take the lead. When you think about it, it's a great line – brings out the protective instincts in a woman; it did with me anyway and I gather it also did with this other girl. I'm no psychiatrist, so I don't know whether he could only get an erection if he went through this charade, or whether it was just some weird sort of sexual ritual on his part. The crazy thing is that if he'd been honest enough to say right from the outset, 'Look, I prefer sex when a girl takes the lead,' I'd have responded. I mean there's nothing wrong in making your likes and dislikes known. I do it myself. But I felt so cheapened. That must sound terribly dramatic, but it turned me right off men for a while. I thought *we* were supposed to be the scheming sex. The sad thing is that if I ever do come across anyone who is a real, genuine virgin or inexperienced, I'll probably just tell him to come off it and pull the other one.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Secretary, 24 years old, blonde, town of origin, Leeds**

This interviewee had left school at the age of 16 to work as an office junior in an estate agents'. Outwardly naive she was, in truth, in full control. At the time of the interview she was working as a secretary. She had married soon after her 17th birthday but was now divorced. She lived alone.

Quest: I gather from our preliminary talk that John wasn't the first man to force you into having sex.

Secretary: He was the most despicable in the way he went about it. But the thing with Edward was a long time ago and wasn't all that important.

Quest: Let me be the judge of that. What happened with Edward?

Secretary: I told you, it was nothing really. Edward was about the same age as I was, he was sort of my superior at my first job. Well, he wasn't really, it was just that he'd been there a lot longer than I, about six months, and was well settled in and was well-liked, especially by the other girls. He was good looking and a terrible tease. But that was it.

Quest: The girls would lead him on?

Secretary: It was all a giggle really . . . you know the sort of thing. He'd ask us what colour knickers we had on . . .

Quest: And you'd all say you weren't wearing any. Yes I know the sort of thing. But how did you become involved with him?

Secretary: It happened over a month or so I think. I was late in for a couple of mornings and Edward would always see me sneak in. He'd asked me out a couple of times and I'd said no for at that stage I was engaged – I got engaged when I was 15 would you believe – and Paul and I wanted to get married on my 17th birthday. Eddie used to say I was a tease because I wore very small minis and I'd just gone on the pill and my boobs had filled-out quite a lot. Anyway, one day I skived off so Paul and I could do some preparations for the wedding etc., even though it was some time off. It just so happened that Paul was sick that day and as I'd already phoned and said I wouldn't be in, I found I was at a loose end, so I got on a bus and went into town – our office wasn't in the centre, so I didn't expect to meet anyone from work.

Quest: But you did?

Secretary: Of course. It was Eddie, having a day off . . . a legitimate one, he'd done some overtime and was having time off in lieu. Oh God, I could have died. I mean what could I say . . ? I was bright red and my ears were burning. I tried to turn away but he'd seen me and came over.

Quest: What transpired?

Secretary: To cut it short, when he found out I was skiving . . . I had to tell him in case someone said something at work the next day . . . he said I'd have to make it worth his while not to tell them at work. And as I was desperately trying to save money for a flat and all, I was terribly upset at the prospect of being fired or having my pay docked. I thought he was joking at first, but he wasn't, even though he said it all in a joking sort of way. There was something in it, the way he said it, which made me realise that he was serious.

Quest: Did he want you to have sex with him?

Secretary: Well that was what it was leading up to. But he said he wouldn't say anything about it at work if I'd go with him to his house – he lived at home but his parents were at work – and show him my knickers, really. Honestly. That's what he wanted. I suppose he couldn't ask for sex straight out.

Quest: But you went with him?

Secretary: I had no choice. It was sort of sexual blackmail.

Quest: What happened when you got to his house?

Secretary: He got me to take off my coat first of all. This time I had jeans and a jumper on, and he told me to take my jumper off. I was nearly crying, it was all so awful. I had a small red bra on underneath and I remember watching his face as I pulled the jumper over my head. I then undid my bra and let it fall off my shoulders. He stood staring at my boobs for half a minute or so, all open mouthed then put out a hand to touch them.

Quest: Did intercourse take place?

Secretary: Not actual sex but he reached out and put my hand on his penis. It made me gasp beause he held onto my hand and made me rub it through his trousers. He undid the zip and got it out for me and I just played with it until he came.

Quest: And that was that?

Secretary: Yes. It was all very silly. I guess that he might have been a virgin, for even at that stage I wasn't and knew how to make a boy. He walked me to the bus stop and waited with me until the bus came. It was all very civilised at work after that. We still talked to each other and things just went along as if it had never happened.

Quest: Didn't you feel ashamed or perhaps angry?

Secretary: Of course I did . . .

Quest: But not enough to tell anyone?

Secretary: What's the point of making waves. If I'd told afterwards or even if I'd said no and then told anyone, I could still have lost my job. After all said and done, it's only my word against his and why should they have believed me?

Quest: I see what you mean. Anyway, tell me about John now.

Secretary: He was my boss . . . I mean I was his secretary. I'd been with the firm, ooh, let me see, about six months, and it was during the height of the recession. There were always rumours going round the place that there would inevitably have to be redundancies and I believed that it was a case of last in, first out. Anyway at that time Paul and I had broken-up, the marriage only lasted a year, and I was terribly lonely and wanted to be happy again. John was very sweet and had taken me out to lunch and to the pub on a few occasions and we'd grown very fond of one

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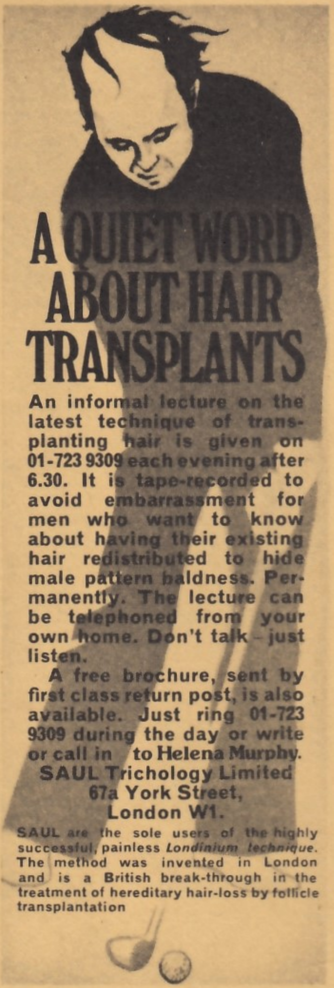

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another though it was on a very platonic basis. And then one night he took me out for a meal and he began to get very amorous towards me. Touching me up under the table and all that sort of thing. I told him to stop it and behave himself but it seemed to make no impression on him. After the night-out he drove me home and so I asked him in for coffee.

Quest: Was coffee all you had in mind?

Secretary: To be truthful I was feeling very glowing, what with the wine and a good-looking man paying me all that attention, but on this occasion, yes, coffee was all I had in mind.

Quest: So explain how the rest of the night developed.

Secretary: We had a couple more whiskies, and the coffee too, and we sat around on the sofa just talking. He was running his fingers through my hair, telling me how soft and lovely it was. And then I mentioned that I'd heard that there were to be some redundancies and that I might have to go as they might reorganise the secretarial side so that two executives shared a secretary, you know. I said I wished I knew what the position was. John just came out with it and said that as I'd been very good to him, he could return the favour.

Quest: Which meant?

Secretary: I took it that he'd do me a turn if I'd do one for him. He said he could see to it that I kept my job, even if there were cut-backs and that he was sure that I'd find a way of repaying him.

Quest: Which was sex.

Secretary: Look, I wanted my job. It was well-paid and I didn't fancy losing it. So I let him.

Quest: What?

Secretary: You know.

Quest: Yes, but tell me anyway. How did it happen. Who made the first move?

Secretary: I don't remember such details. Who makes the first move in any situation? It doesn't really matter.

Quest: But it does. You see, I get the impression that the shoe is on the other foot in this case. It strikes me as being far more likely now you've explained it fully that you're using these situations to justify yourself in having sex. Is that plausible?

Secretary: Don't be silly. I never wanted it that way. If I'd wanted to be screwed by them, or *one* chap as it happened, then I wouldn't have needed to go to such elaborate lengths. I could have just asked them for it. No, I suppose I couldn't have done that really . . .

Quest: Don't you see, the situations you described existed, but you used them as an excuse because you wanted sex without guilt, and they provided you with the opportunities to say 'I didn't want it, I was forced into it'. Anyway, we're digressing. You were saying about you and John, who made the move?

Secretary: That's rubbish what you said. I don't believe a word of it. I don't know whether to go on . . . you're saying that I'm a nympho . . .

Quest: Let's forget it. Just tell me about you and John.

Secretary: Well, all I remember is that from stroking my hair, he was kissing me, wet, warm, whisky flavoured kisses. I cuddled up to him and I put my hand down to my side and I must have brushed against his cock because I felt it twitch and I though that it wasn't such a bad way to keep your job after all. I undid his shirt and tie and felt his lovely thick-mat of a chest. I got down on the floor in front of him and undid his belt and trousers. He wanted it then and there. I could see its outline bulging out his undies. I stood up and unzipped my dress and stepped out of it, leaving only my bra and panties on, and went down in front of him again, and this time got it out. It was sort of bendy, half erect if you know, and as it was in my hand it grew and grew . . . it was just like Topsy. He was leaning back on the sofa with his eyes shut, groaning ever so gently, so I pretended it was an all day sucker. He had marvellous self-control because I've done it to other boys and they've come after a few minutes but this time I found that it was my tongue that was getting tired. But gradually he got excited and began groaning more loudly. He leaned forward and fumbled with the catch on my bra but couldn't undo it. Why is that? Why can't men ever undo bras properly, I mean I can undo it with one hand. I had to do it for him and as I shrugged the bra off his hands reached round and grabbed my breasts and he was squeezing them terribly until they hurt, rubbing them all over and making the nipples all big and erect. He was arching himself up too, which made me choke. It was a fantastic experience, unreal even. My head was spinning and then he gave a last real squeeze on my boobs and I pulled it out of my mouth just in time for he came.

Quest: Did this lead to actual intercourse?

Secretary: Yes. He stayed the night and we made beautiful love all through it. He was very good and he knew how to use his talents. He was a lot taller than I was and we even did it standing up, with him staggering around the room.

Quest: I still say that perhaps it may have been that you were the one who made the most of the situations by using them as an excuse to justify yourself for having sex without 'guilt'.

Secretary: That's stupid. I don't agree with that . . . Is that what it looks like. Oh my gosh, I hope not . . . I am coming across as a nympho aren't I?

Quest: No, I'm not saying that but it will give you something to think about. Anyway thank you very much.

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

when I was supposedly ill I was making love to her in my bedroom – it is staggered in a split-level fashion and is quite some distance from the ground, as are the windows. The window cleaner must have scaled his ladder and I suppose got such a shock when he saw us nude and making love that he fell off his ladder, his bucket and the ladder hitting the ground at the same time as my girlfriend climaxed.
(Name and address withheld)

I must tell you of an experience I had recently which I shall never forget.

I was entertaining my girlfriend in my flat and she asked me if I had anything to offer her. The result was that we undressed each other and before getting into bed she asked me to shave her pubic hair.

I started to explore her pussy and soon had a couple of fingers at work. It was then that she told me she was very big down there so I inserted three, then four fingers and eventually my hand, massaging her until she came. But the most erotic thing was shaving her pubic hair and it makes me wonder if other girls like to have their pubes shaved.
(Name and address withheld)

There's been quite a lot of controversy over whether girls should shave off their pubic hair. I suggest a compromise – clipping it so that it is not more than, say, a quarter to a half an inch long. I believe it is nice to see a little hair around a girl's pussy.

At the suggested length, when a girl removed her knickers, there would come into view those beautiful curved lips. It would also have the benefit of saving the boy rummaging through a forest of unruly hair to find what he longs to see and kiss.

Come now girls, get your boyfriends to cut your hair – they will enjoy it and so will you.
E C, Falmouth, Cornwall

The photos of Marilyn Guillaum in Vol 12 No 1 were a joy to see. I prefer the pubic areas smooth and free of hair and I think many others do too. Could we possibly see her again or other models who would happily appear this way? I know a few women who share my views and prefer to be without any undergrowth.
R A S, Hounslow, Middlesex

A few weeks ago my husband and I moved into a new flat where we found a few copies of your excellent magazine left by the previous owners. Reading through one of the Quest interviews reminded me of something which happened last summer and which has brought a change in my attitude to exhibitionism and sex.

I am a part time teacher, 24-years-old, and married to an industrial salesman. My husband is away from home a fair bit and as I am a healthy girl with a strong sexual appetite, I get rather frustrated now and again. I used to make do with artificial aids – brush handles, bottle tops etc, but something happened in the summer to change all that.

One beautiful sunny Saturday morning I was sun-bathing in the very secluded back garden of the house we then had. I was wearing only a very brief pair of bikini pants. I had taken the bra off and was on my stomach sunning my back. I was enjoying the warm rays on my skin and began to drift off to sleep when I heard someone coming around the side of the house.

I strapped on my bra and sat up seconds before the young lad who delivers cream appeared. I sat watching him as he approached – my shoulder-length brown hair tied in two bunches, and with my knees hugged to chin, I would have presented quite a sight.

The lad, about eighteen or nineteen, said he'd seen my note on the front doorstep and had come to find me. His eyes kept darting, taking in my body, my tan showing off well against the light-coloured bikini. I found I was very turned-on by this and I deliberately made prolonged chat about how much cream I would need etc. He looked hot from having been walking around all morning and I could hardly believe it was me talking

turn to page 107

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Gwendoline

& Jo

Early in the year is a good time to visit the beautifully preserved medieval seaside village of Lindos on the Greek island of Rhodes – as Gwendoline Stevenson (left, overleaf) and Josephine Jewkes would be happy to confirm. Both natives of Wakefield in Yorkshire, both exquisitely proportioned at 35–23–35 inches ('Though I've put an inch on my hips since we got back to the office,' Gwen at 22, the elder by 18 months, insists with rueful honesty), they went on a villa holiday there last spring. They loved the people, the tavernas, the *ouzo* and the scenery but escaped the scalding heat by taking to the water with face mask, flippers and snorkel. 'Gwen was the keen one,' says Jo, 'and ended up with some very odd sun burns on her back. I caught the bug as well though I never reached the point where I could spear fish.' 'My killer instinct,' grins Gwen. 'Actually I was lucky not to do myself an injury with my spear. But the nicest thing about going so early was that we had the place almost to ourselves. Perfect for both our all-over tans!'

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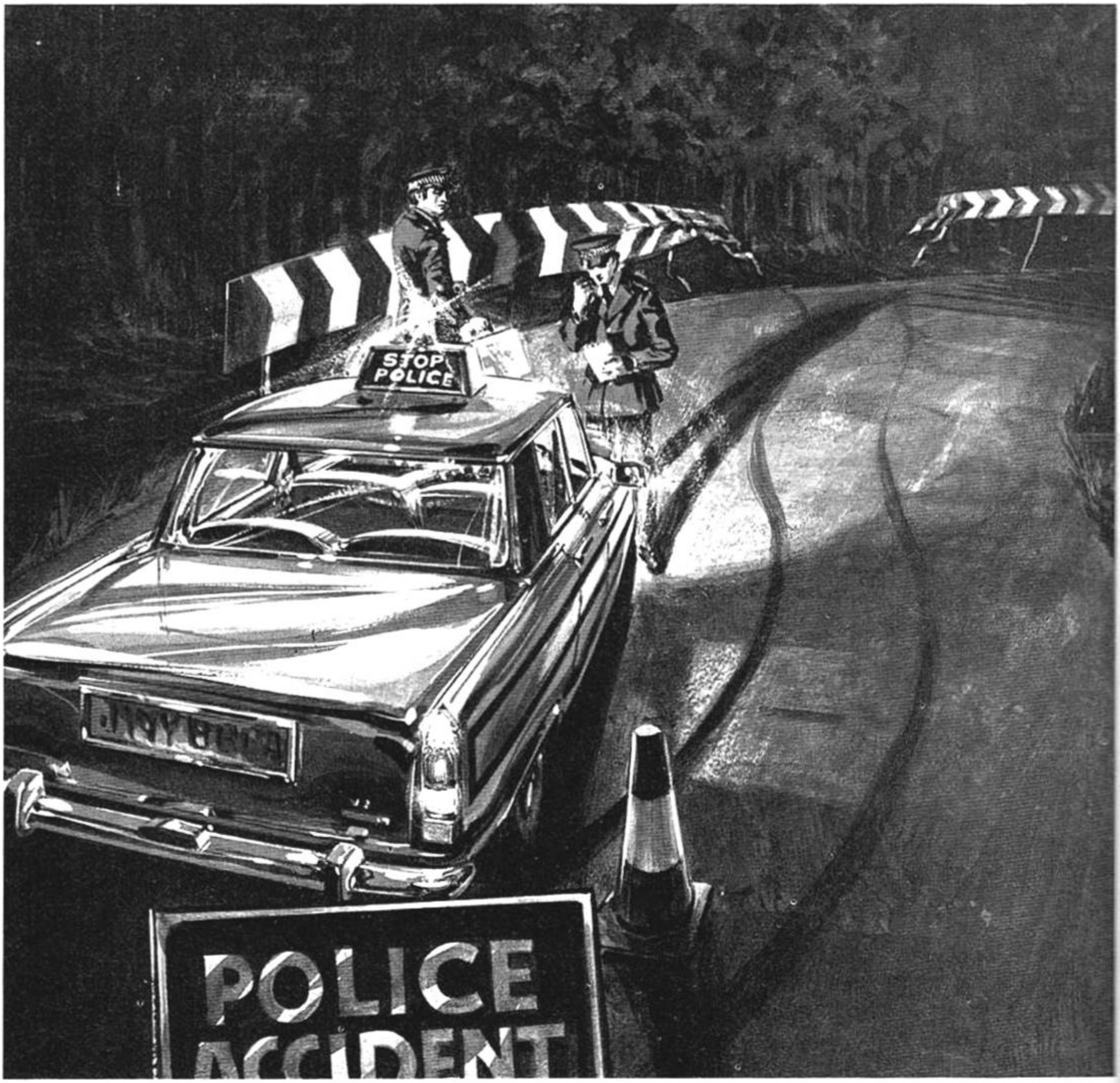

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LETTERS

continued from page 99

and, taking a carton of cream from him, I said I would be out in a moment with the money to pay him and the drink. As I walked towards the kitchen door I could see his reflection, his head turned towards me. I felt really fruity and quickly went upstairs to the bathroom because my bladder was bursting.

Just as your Quest interviewee had done, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror trying to imagine how I looked to the lad in the garden. My bikini pants were so brief that the elastic at the top barely covered my pubic area, in fact, the hair line was just visible. I pulled the elastic up but the material at the crotch stretched deep between my lips down there. Easing my finger in from the side of my pants, I pulled the elastic to expose one of my swollen and quite hairy vaginal lips (my husband likes my thick bush between my legs so I never clip the hair). I felt extremely randy and realised that I wanted the guy in the garden to see me like that.

My pulse raced madly, a quite incredible feeling as I'd never thought in that way before. I made my way back to the garden after making him an orange drink and first checking that the leg elastic of my pants was still pulled to one side. He was reading a woman's magazine I had left on the rug and looked up as I approached. I handed him his drink, and money for the cream, and sat down on the rug facing him. At first he didn't notice my pants until, changing my position in a casual sort of way, I leaned back on my elbows and drew my knees up, legs slightly apart. My own behaviour startled me. He almost choked on his drink.

From behind my dark glasses I watched as his eyes fixed on the view I was offering. The bulge in his trouser-front was obvious. I controlled my emotions with some difficulty but I was strangely aware of a kind of power I had over him as I began to swing my knees open and closed, each time the leg elastic biting deeper into, and exposing more of, my now moist cleft. He was getting really agitated then suddenly blurted out, 'Excuse me, your, . . . er . . . a nice bit . . . er, exposed.' His face was red and I, too, blushed but managed to keep my voice under control: 'Oh, I see.' I looked down at my bush and asked him to put it right. 'Me?' he said. Shakily he reached out and tentatively took hold of the elastic and tried to pull it out of my cleft. In so doing he pulled my hair and I jerked . . . 'ouch'. 'Oh, sorry,' he apologised and began to rub me, his fingers under the material, clumsy, hard and penetrating. I lay back and let him bury as much of his hand as he wanted. It was wicked and delicious. With his other hand he began to fondle my breasts, squeezing, almost kneading my flesh and nipples under my bra. I reached down and started to fondle his bulge, then I unzipped his flies and pulled his strong-looking penis out.

He lay on top of me, kissing my face and mouth as I parted my legs even wider and guided his rod into me. It felt absolutely fantastic as he sank into me, my pants still on, elastic pulled well to the side. We both heaved and thrusted at each other in the warm sun, quite oblivious to anything else. Then as he groaned I felt him pump into me. At this point I had a fabulous climax and we lay spent for a few moments then pulled apart.

I saw this boy repeatedly until my husband and I moved to our new flat. Since that first exhibitionist beginning I've exposed myself to the window-cleaner, pretending to be asleep (honest) lying uncovered on the bed in my birthday suit and with the curtains open. I also once exposed myself to a park gardener at the botanic gardens but there's been nothing to equal that first time – it was truly exciting.

Mrs S A P, Edinburgh

May I congratulate you on excellent magazines of late, and in particular Vol 11 No 12 and Vol 12 No 1.

I would also add that for me there is something very special in the way both Roy Brewington and Ed Alexander photograph their models. I'm afraid that in my opinion other photographers just don't possess these qualities.

W B, Greenock, Scotland

The beginning of the year is the traditional time for taking stock of our lives and as my

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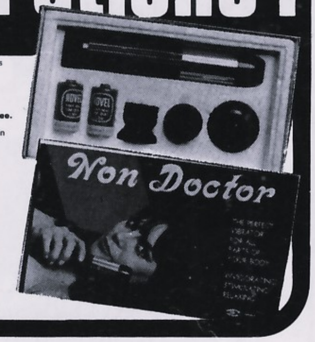
good vibrations!



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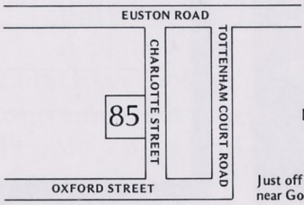

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LETTERS

continued from page 107

wife and I were married in the early part of January we have formed the habit of formally reviewing our marriage at this time of the year – particularly the sexual side of it.

For the six years we've been married we've enjoyed a level of sexual activity which we suspect is rather above average and which is certainly undiminished. I make the point not to boast, but as a statement of fact. We accept as an accident of nature the fact that we were both made that way, although we have consciously cultivated the physical side of our marriage. We started married life, at nineteen, in complete ignorance and incompetence in sexual matters and my wife had so many inhibitions that I practically had to rape her on our wedding night. By sheer good fortune, sex worked for us, even on that memorable and traumatic first occasion when, by the morning, we discovered that our appetite far exceeded our ability.

The significance of this confession is that because of the continuing level of our sexual activity we have found it necessary to introduce variety, and have experimented freely with position, location and time. My wife says that monogamy need not mean monotony and as this appears to be a view not widely held, we should like to pass on a few suggestions to others who may need a little incentive to keep their sex alive.

There are several obvious basic positions for intercourse. We suggest that every so often you should set aside time to experiment – not necessarily with the intention of having full intercourse – but simply exploring the positions in which the penis can enter the vagina and finding the degree of comfort and movement possible. One word of warning, however, when my wife's orgasm overtakes her, her loss of muscular control is such that if she is not in a sitting or lying position, she is quite likely to fall unless I can support her. In the course of one such experiment we found a position which was particularly stimulating for my wife and she 'came' suddenly, long before I was ready. I resisted the temptation to rush and join her in her climax and instead I pretended to come. It is not difficult to give a convincing imitation of the jerky movements and noises which accompany ejaculation, so much so that my wife, when she was able to speak again, told me that she had felt me come. There are benefits of adopting this technique. Firstly you can enjoy the sight and sound of your wife in the throes of orgasm, without the distraction of your own climax, and secondly, where it might take me twenty minutes or so to regain a full erection and renewed desires, my wife can recover much more quickly and she finds it very flattering when she feels me getting hard again inside her minutes after supposedly coming.

We have never found the timing of the climax a problem – one of us reaching the 'unstoppable bit' – Miss C, Vol 11 No 12 – can usually provoke a matching response in the other. We did find, however, that if we just let things happen we would too often squander our passion in a very short-lived frenzy of vigorous sexual activity.

Traditionally, a woman's menstrual cycle puts her out of action for five or six days a month, and, of course, as far as intercourse is concerned, we observe the convention. My wife will, however, often take the compassionate view that there is no need for me to be deprived during that time and she will sometimes make love to me, bringing me to climax with her hand. She becomes very excited herself at my spectacular comings – after three or four days abstinence – and she will even bring herself to a wonderful writhing climax just by massaging her breasts.

If, in conclusion, we can offer one general piece of advice, it is – communicate. Don't be shy about sex. Discuss your problems with each other.

Be frank.

(Name withheld) East Kilbride

As a regular reader may I make a suggestion?

Could you feature more rubber-clad models in future. Rubber is a big turn-on for many people, including my wife and I.

Rubber must be one of the

turn to page 112

LET US KEEP YOU POSTED

There are two ways of getting *Mayfair* every month. Easiest is to simply stroll round to your local newsagent and take a copy off the rack, but if you always find your newsagent has just sold his last copy as you arrive, or if you live abroad, (or even miles from a town in this country), then a subscription is the thing for you. A single payment of just £10.15 or £10 if you happen to live abroad – ensures prompt delivery of print-fresh copies every month for a year; there's nothing more to pay either, even if postal rates do go up again. Each month, your own personal copy of the magazine with its sparkling blend of gorgeous girls, readable fiction, absorbing features and of course Quest, readers' letters, jokes and cartoons will be delivered to your home. Is that an offer to be refused?

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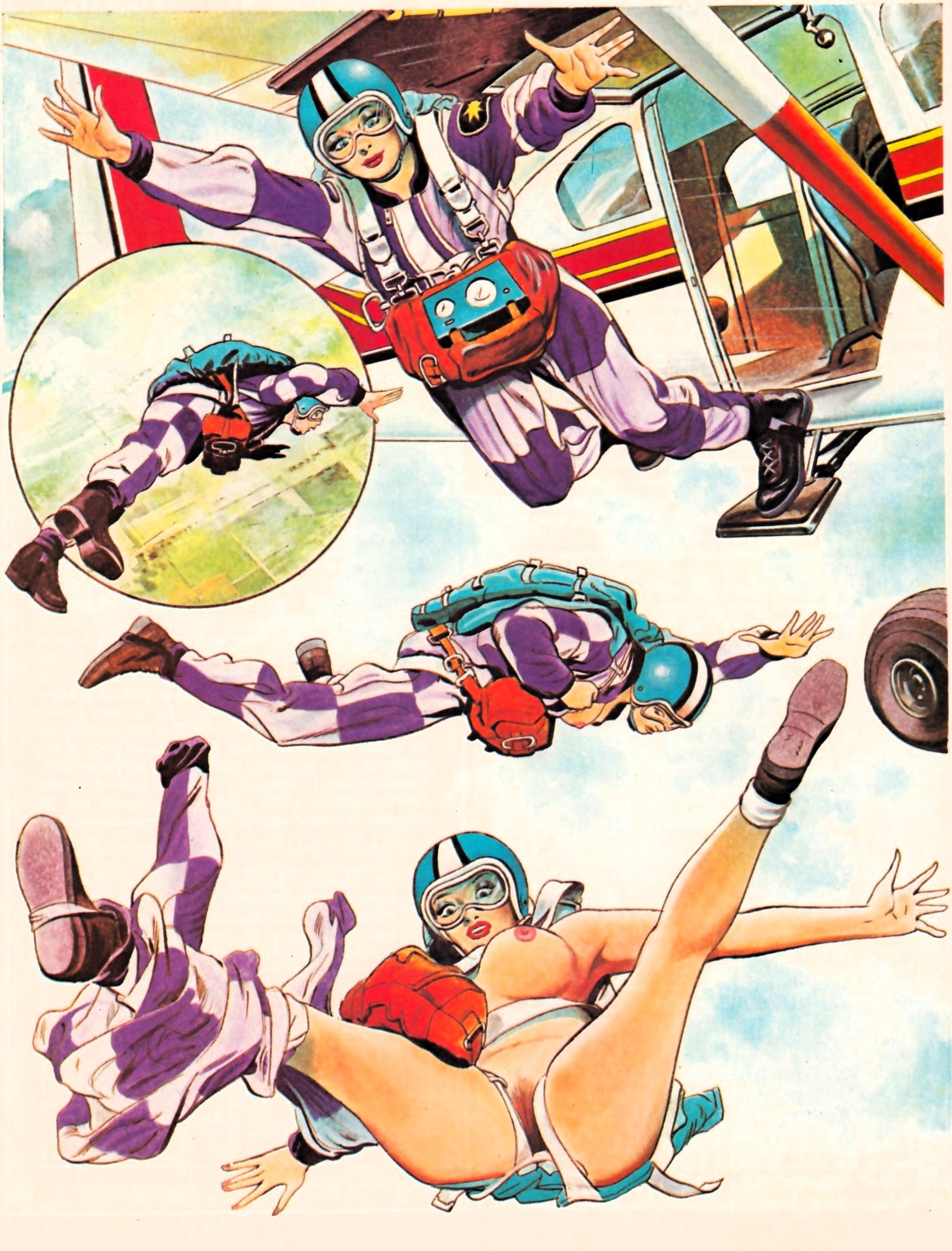
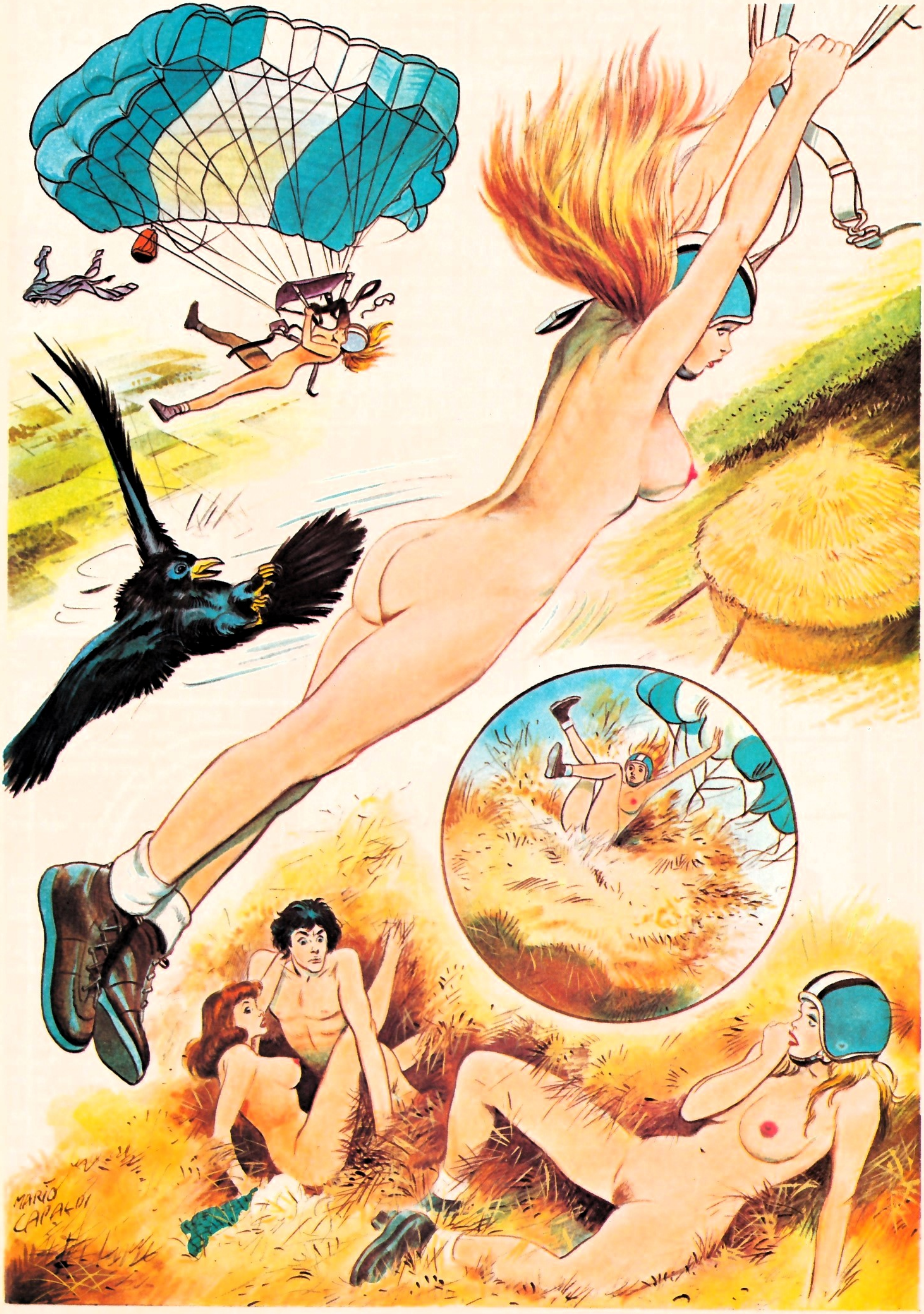
CARRIE

On her sky-diving jaunt our falling angel loses her feathers




MARIO CAPALDI

LETTERS

continued from page 109

most exciting materials. It's got such a unique feel and smell, apart from the visual effect it has. My wife has a large collection of rubber costumes which we both wear when we're having intercourse. If you like rubber, as I do, there's something very arousing about the feel of it next to your skin. It has a sexual quality of its own.

Why don't you publish pictures of girls wearing rubber costumes? You did in the past, but if I remember the model wasn't wearing the head-to-foot rubber costumes which are available these days.

Shoes, too, turn me on, especially high heels. I find shapely legs half enclosed in leather boots the last word in eroticism. But not only do I like to *see* the girl in boots but I like her to keep them on when we're making love. To see a woman stretched out on a bed wearing nothing but her high-heeled leather boots is a sight to savour.

(*Name and address withheld*)

Readers may be interested in a recent extraordinary experience of mine in Durham University library. I entered the library at about three in the afternoon, feeling sleepy and bored and sat at a table on my own in the reading hall.

Having engrossed myself in my Schopenhauer translation, I looked up to find a phenomenal nymph, who had just seated herself opposite me. She had undulating golden locks which flowed down to her waist, impish eyes and full, provocative, voluptuous lips on which played an inviting smile. She exuded sex and anticipation from every pore.

Her slim body was accentuated by the clinging singlet through which her curvaceous breasts and erect nipples protruded. White jeans with lace-up flies embraced her tight mind-bending buttocks as she rose and moved towards the bookshelf.

My heart raced, I felt a sharp twinge in my stomach, and a powerful reaction surged through my loins. She glided back, bookless, and leant over the table allowing her delicious boobs to oscillate in front of me, and purred 'Excuse, I like Dickens . . . could you help me please?' I deduced from her accent that she was German.

Like a true gentleman I responded to the cry of this damsel in distress. I rose from my seat. She must have noticed the bulge in the front of my jeans.

I led her along the rows of books and as I selected and handed her one of the novels and trying to find something to say murmured in a shaky voice 'So you like Dickens?' To which she replied with an affirmative, sensual enticing smile that nearly melted me on the spot.

She grasped me by the hand and pulled me down to the far end of the bookshelf where there was a panelled wooden partition which very neatly concealed us from view.

'My man comes soon, but I must thank you first,' she said and knelt in front of me, and extracted my penis.

Gasping at the size of it, she thrust it deep into her mouth and sucked avidly, making exquisite passes over the top of my glans with her velvet tongue, sending me into such raptures that my quaking legs could hardly support me any longer.

I sank to the floor, my whole body shaking as the last pulsating throbs of my orgasm flowed warmly through me.

Sadly, I have never seen her since that day, although I would have loved to introduce her to the joys of Kipling.

M G, Durham

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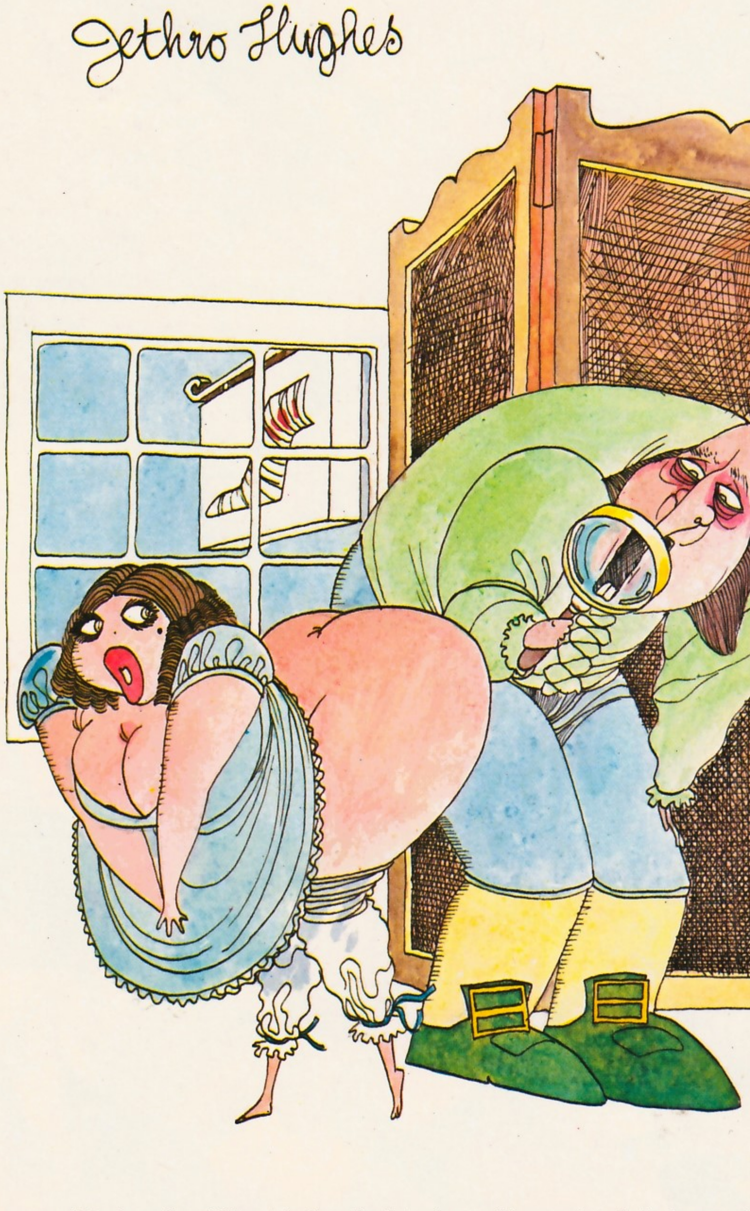

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